THE SECOND BOOK OF AYRES, AND DIALOGUES,

For One, Two, and Three Voyces.

BY

HENRY LAWES Servant to his late Ma.tie in his publick and private Musick.

W: Faithorne fecit

LONDON,
Printed by T.H. for Jo. Playford, and are to be sold at his shop in the Inner Temple. 1658

Wing. L. 641.

THE LOCKE Music LIBRARY K.C.C.

To the Honourable

The LADY *DERING*,

VVife to Sir EDWARD DERING of *Surenden Dering*,

BARONET.

MADAM,

I *Have consider'd, but could not finde it lay in my power to offer this Book to any but your* Ladiſhip. *Not only in regard of that honour and eſteem you have for* Muſick, *but becauſe thoſe Songs which fill this Book have receiv'd much luſtre by your excellent performance of them; and (which I confeſſe I rejoice to ſpeak of) ſome which I eſteem the beſt of theſe* Ayres, *were of your own* Compoſition, *after your Noble Husband was pleas'd to give the* VVords. *For (although your* Ladiſhip *reſolv'd to keep it private) I beg leave to declare, for my own honour, that you are not only excellent for the time you ſpent in the practice of what I ſet, but are your ſelf ſo good a* Compoſer, *that few of any Sex have arriv'd to ſuch perfection. So as this Book (at leaſt a part of it) is not Dedicated, but only brought home to your* Ladiſhip. *And here I would ſay (could I do it without ſadneſs) how pretious to my thoughts is the memory of your excellent* Mother *(that great example of Prudence and Charity) whoſe pious Meditations were often advanc'd by hearing your Voice. I wiſh all proſperity to your* Ladiſhip, *and to him, who, (like your ſelf) is made up of* Harmony; *to ſay nothing of the reſt of his high Accompliſhments of Wiſdome and Learning. May you both live long happy in each other, when I am become Aſhes, who while I am in this world ſhall be ever found*

Madam,

Your Ladiſhip's humble Admirer
and faithfull Servant,

HENRY LAWES.

To all { Underſtanders / Lovers } of Muſick.

IN my former you ſaw what Temptations I had to publiſh my *Compoſitions:* and now I had not repeated that Error (if it prove to be one) but upon the ſame grounds, back'd with a Promiſe I made to the World. Though the civil Reception my laſt Book found were ſufficient invitation, for which I gladly here offer my Thanks, eſpecially to thoſe worthy and grateful Strangers, who are more candid and equal in their Cenſure, than ſome new Judges of our own Country, who (in ſpight of their Stars) will ſit and pronounce upon things they underſtand not. But this is the Fate of all mankind, to be render'd leſs at home than abroad. For my part I can ſay (and there are will believe me) that if any man have low thoughts of me he is of my opinion. Yet the way of *Compoſition* I chiefly profeſs (which is to ſhape *Notes* to the *Words* and *Senſe*) is not hit by too many: and I have often been ſad to obſerve ſome (otherwiſe able) Muſitians guilty of ſuch lapſes and miſtakes this way. And poſſibly this is it makes many of us hear ſo ill abroad; which work's a Belief amongſt our ſelves, That *Engliſh Words will not run well in Muſick:* This I have ſaid, and muſt ever avow, is one of the Errors of this Generation. I confeſs I could wiſh that ſome of our *words* could ſpare a *Conſonant* (which muſt not be ſtirr'd, for fear of removing thoſe *Landmarks* in *ſpelling* which ſpeak their *Originall*) but thoſe are few, and ſeldome occur; and when they do are manageable enough by giving each Syllable its particular humour; provided the *breath* of the *ſenſe* be obſerv'd. And (I ſpeak it freely once for all) that if *Engliſh* words which are fitted for Song doe not run ſmooth enough, 'tis the fault either of the *Compoſer* or *Singer*. Our *Engliſh* is ſo ſtor'd with plenty of *Monoſyllables* (which, like ſmall ſtones, fill up the chinks) that it hath great priviledge over divers of its Neighbours, and in ſome particulars (with reverence be it ſpoken) above the very *Latin*, which Language we finde is much over-charg'd with the letter [*S*] eſpecially in [*bus*] and ſuch hiſſing *Terminations*. But our new *Criticks* lodge not the fault in our *Words* only; 'tis the *Artiſt* they tax as a man unſpirited for forraign delights: which vanity ſo ſpreads, that thoſe our Productions they pleaſe to like, muſt be born beyond the *Alpes*, and father'd upon ſtrangers. And this is ſo notorious, that not long ſince ſome young Gentlemen, who were not untravell'd, hearing ſome Songs I had ſet to *Italian Words* (publickly ſung by *excellent Voices*) concluded thoſe *Songs* were begotten in *Italy*, and ſaid (too loud) *They would fain hear ſuch Songs to be made by an Engliſh-man.* Had they layd their Scene a little nearer home, there had been more colour; for, a ſhort *Ayre* of mine (neer 20 years old) was lately reviv'd in our neighbour Nation, and publickly Sung to *words* of their own as a *new-born piece*, without alteration of any one Note: 'Tis the *Ayre* to thoſe words, [*Old Poets Hypocrene admire, &c.*] a ſorry Trifle (a man would think) to be rais'd from the dead after 18 years buriall. But (to meet with this humour of *luſting after Novelties*) a friend of mine told ſome of that company, That *a rare new Book was come from* Italy, *which taught the reaſon why an* Eighth *was the ſweeteſt of all Chords in Muſick; becauſe* (ſaid he) Jubal *who was Founder of Muſick was the Eighth man from* Adam; and this went down as currant as my Songs came from *Italy*. I beg your pardon for inſtancing ſuch particulars. But there are knowing perſons, who have been long bred in thoſe worthily admired parts of *Europe*, who aſcribe more to us than we to our ſelves; and able Muſicians returning from Travail do wonder to ſee us ſo thirſty after Forraigners. For they can tell (if we knew it not) that Muſick is the ſame in *England* as in *Italy*; the *Concords* and *Diſcords*, the *Paſſions*, *Spirits*, *Majeſty*, and *Humours*, are all the ſame they are in *England*; their manner of *Compoſing* is ſufficiently known to us, their beſt *Compoſitions* being brought over hither by thoſe who are able enough to chooſe. But we muſt not here expect to finde Muſick at the higheſt, when all Arts and Sciences are at ſo low an ebbe. As for my ſelf, although I have loſt my Fortunes with my *Maſter* (of ever-bleſſed memory) I am not ſo low to bow for a ſubſiſtence to the follies of this Age; and to humor ſuch as will ſeem to underſtand our Art, better than we that have ſpent our lives in it. I have Printed the *Greek* in a *Roman Character*, for the eaſe of Muſicians of both Sexes. And if any thing here bring you benefit, or delight, I have my deſign. *Farewell.*

H. L.

To the much honoured Mr. *HENRY LAWES*, On his Excellent Compositions in Musick.

NAture which is the vast Creation's Soule,
That steady curious Agent in the whole,
The Art of Heav'n, the Order of this Frame,
Is only Musick *in another name:*
And as some King *conqu'ring what was his own,*
Hath choice of severall Titles to his Crown;
So Harmony *on this score now, That, then,*
Yet still is all that takes and governs Men.
Beauty *is but* Composure; *and we find*
Content *is but the* Concord *of the mind;*
Friendship *the* Unison *of well tun'd Hearts;*
Honour's the Chorus *of the noblest parts:*
And all the World on which we can reflect,
Musick *to the* Ear, *or to the* Intellect.
If then each Man a little World must be,
How many Worlds are coppy'd out in thee?
Who art so richly furnish'd, so compleat,
T' Epitomize all that is Good or Great;
Whose Starrs this brave advantage did impart,
Thy Nature's *as* Harmonious *as thy* Art:
Thou dost above the Poets *Prayses live,*
Who fetch from Thee th' Eternity they give;
And as true Reason *triumph's over* Sense,
Yet is subjected to Intelligence;
So Poets *on the lower World look down,*
But Lawes *on them, his height is all his own:*
For (like Divinity *it selfe) his Lyre*
Reward's the Wit it did at first inspire;
And thus by double right Poets allow
Their and His Lawrells to adorn his brow.
Live then (Great Soul of Nature) to asswage
The savage dulnesse of this sullen Age;
Charm us to sense; and though Experience fail,
And Reason too, thy Numbers may prevail.
Then (like those Ancients) strike, and so command
All Nature to obey thy generous hand:
None can resist, but such who needs will be
More stupid than a Fish, *a* Stone, *a* Tree:
Be it thy care our Age to new create,
What built a World, may sure repair a State.

KATHARINE PHILIPS.

To all Understanders Lovers of Musick.

IN my former you saw what Temptations I had to publish my *Compositions:* and now I had not repeated that Error (if it prove to be one) but upon the same grounds, back'd with a Promise I made to the World. Though the civil Reception my last Book found were sufficient invitation, for which I gladly here offer my Thanks, especially to those worthy and grateful Strangers, who are more candid and equal in their Censure, than some new Judges of our own Country, who (in spight of their Stars) will sit and pronounce upon things they understand not. But this is the Fate of all mankind, to be render'd less at home than abroad. For my part I can say (and there are will believe me) that if any man have low thoughts of me he is of my opinion. Yet the way of *Composition* I chiefly profess (which is to shape *Notes* to the *Words* and *Sense*) is not hit by too many: and I have often been sad to observe some (otherwise able) Musitians guilty of such lapses and mistakes this way. And possibly this is it makes many of us hear so ill abroad; which work's a Belief amongst our selves, That *English Words will not run well in Musick:* This I have said, and must ever avow, is one of the Errors of this Generation. I confess I could wish that some of our *words* could spare a *Consonant* (which must not be stirr'd, for fear of removing those *Landmarks* in *spelling* which speak their *Originall*) but those are few, and seldome occur; and when they do are manageable enough by giving each Syllable its particular humour; provided the *breath* of the *sense* be observ'd. And (I speak it freely once for all) that if *English* words which are fitted for Song doe not run smooth enough, 'tis the fault either of the *Composer* or *Singer*. Our *English* is so stor'd with plenty of *Monosyllables* (which, like small stones, fill up the chinks) that it hath great priviledge over divers of its Neighbours, and in some particulars (with reverence be it spoken) above the very *Latin*, which Language we finde is much over-charg'd with the letter [*S*] especially in [*bus*] and such hissing *Terminations*. But our new *Criticks* lodge not the fault in our *Words* only; 'tis the *Artist* they tax as a man unspirited for forraign delights: which vanity so spreads, that those our Productions they please to like, must be born beyond the *Alpes*, and father'd upon strangers. And this is so notorious, that not long since some young Gentlemen, who were not untravell'd, hearing some Songs I had set to *Italian Words* (publickly sung by *excellent Voices*) concluded those *Songs* were begotten in *Italy*, and said (too loud) *They would fain hear such Songs to be made by an English-man.* Had they layd their Scene a little nearer home, there had been more colour; for, a short *Ayre* of mine (neer 20 years old) was lately reviv'd in our neighbour Nation, and publickly Sung to *words* of their own as a *new-born piece*, without alteration of any one Note: 'Tis the *Ayre* to those words, [*Old Poets Hypocrene admire, &c.*] a sorry Trifle (a man would think) to be rais'd from the dead after 18 years buriall. But (to meet with this humour of *lusting after Novelties*) a friend of mine told some of that company, That *a rare new Book was come from* Italy, *which taught the reason why an* Eighth *was the sweetest of all Chords in Musick; because* (said he) Jubal *who was Founder of Musick was the Eighth man from* Adam; and this went down as currant as my Songs came from *Italy*. I beg your pardon for instancing such particulars. But there are knowing persons, who have been long bred in those worthily admired parts of *Europe*, who ascribe more to us than we to our selves; and able Musicians returning from Travail do wonder to see us so thirsty after Forraigners. For they can tell (if we knew it not) that Musick is the same in *England* as in *Italy*; the *Concords* and *Discords*, the *Passions*, *Spirits*, *Majesty*, and *Humours*, are all the same they are in *England*; their manner of *Composing* is sufficiently known to us, their best *Compositions* being brought over hither by those who are able enough to choose. But we must not here expect to finde Musick at the highest, when all Arts and Sciences are at so low an ebbe. As for my self, although I have lost my Fortunes with my *Master* (of ever-blessed memory) I am not so low to bow for a subsistence to the follies of this Age; and to humor such as will seem to understand our Art, better than we that have spent our lives in it. I have Printed the *Greek* in a *Roman Character*, for the ease of Musicians of both Sexes. And if any thing here bring you benefit, or delight, I have my design. *Farewell.*

H. L.

To the much honoured Mr. *HENRY LAWES*, On his Excellent Compositions in Musick.

NAture which is the vast Creation's Soule,
That steady curious Agent in the whole,
The Art of Heav'n, the Order of this Frame,
Is only Musick *in another name:*
And as some King *conqu'ring what was his own,*
Hath choice of severall Titles to his Crown;
So Harmony *on this score now, That, then,*
Yet still is all that takes and governs Men.
Beauty *is but* Composure; *and we find*
Content *is but the* Concord *of the mind;*
Friendship *the* Unison *of well tun'd Hearts;*
Honour's the Chorus *of the noblest parts:*
And all the World on which we can reflect,
Musick *to the* Ear, *or to the* Intellect.

If then each Man a little world must be,
How many worlds are copy'd out in thee?
Who art so richly furnish'd, so compleat,
T' Epitomize all that is Good or Great;
Whose Starrs this brave advantage did impart,
Thy Nature's *as* Harmonious *as thy* Art:
Thou dost above the Poets *Prayses live,*
Who fetch from Thee th' Eternity they give;
And as true Reason *triumph's over* Sense,
Yet is subjected to Intelligence;
So Poets *on the lower World look down,*
But Lawes *on them, his height is all his own:*
For (like Divinity *it selfe) his Lyre*
Reward's the wit it did at first inspire:
And thus by double right Poets allow
Their and His Lawrells to adorn his brow.

Live then (Great Soul of Nature) to asswage
The savage dulnesse of this sullen Age;
Charm us to sense; and though Experience fail,
And Reason too, thy Numbers may prevail.
Then (like those Ancients) strike, and so command
All Nature to obey thy generous hand:
None can resist, but such who needs will be
More stupid than a Fish, *a* Stone, *a* Tree:
Be it thy care our Age to new create,
What built a World, may sure repair a State.

KATHARINE PHILIPS.

To her moſt honoured Maſter, Mr. HENRY LAVVES, On his Second Book of *Ayres.*

TO ſtop my Muſe, Cenſure objects
That I by this forget my Sex
But Silence (even in me) were rude
When it implies Ingratitude:
Shall I from LAVVES his Magazin
Harmonious Raptures ſteal unſeen?
If I have Art, it is from Thee:
Others do teach, but (to be free)
Experience told me thou art beſt,
For I have learn'd of all the reſt
That Fame call's Maſters, and have cauſe
To ſacrifice to none but LAVVES.
'Twere weakneſs to ſuppoſe my breath
Could thy rich Ayres preſerve from death:
That Power is thine alone, the Preſs
Make's happy our unhappineſs.
Thy works in Print we need not fear
Will feel Mortality; the Ear
Judicious, raviſht, will admire
Thy Chords when thou art in Heav'ns Quire.

He that want's Phanſie need's no further look,
Ther's ſtore to treaſure any in this Book:
To ſpeak thy Noble skill is ſuch a Theam
Would thaw a frozen Wit into a ſtream.
Thy ſpotleſs Heart the cozen'd World may ſee
Hath plotted nought theſe times but Harmony;
Diſcord ne'r reach't thy Breaſt, the God of Love
Has kept thy ſoul in tune like thoſe above.
And now thou marcheſt forth, when Wars are fled,
To metamorphoſe Griefe and Hearts of Lead;
To mould our Chaos, and retune our Sphear,
To rank and file our Hearts as once they were:
For Muſick theſe Felicities hath found;
Then ſay how much we all to LAVVES are bound,
That here preſent's us with ſuch Gifts as theſe,
You'l think they were (not his) dropt from the skies;
But all's his own: let Criticks ſearch and ſcan,
They'l find this Book the Mind's Phyſitian.

MARY KNIGHT.

To my beloved Friend and Fellow, Mr. *HENRY LAWES*, On his Book of *Ayres*.

OW I have view'd this Book of thine,
And find sweet Language, Notes more fine,
And see thy Fugues *wrought in the Chime,*
Thy weaving far excel's the Rhyme;
And still thy choice of lines are good,
Not like to those who get their food
As Beggars Raggs from Dunghills take,
(Such as comes next) ill Songs to make;
who by a Witty blind pretense
Take Words that creep half way to sense;
Hippocrates *or* Galen's *feet,*
And sing them too with Notes as meet;
Songs as all th' way to Gam ut *tend,*
But in F Fa ut *make an end;*
With killing Notes, which ever must
Cerist. *Squeez the Sphears, and intimate the Dust:*
These with their brave Chromaticks *bring*
Noise to the Ear, but mean No-thing:
Yet These will censure, when indeed
Shew Them good lines, They cannot read;
Or read them so, that in the close
You'll hardly judge them Rhyme from Prose.
But why doe I write this to Thee?
This is for shop-sale Trippery;
Thy richer store hath truly hit
The whole Age for their want of wit;
Live freely, and thy Phansie please,
Thou shalt be censur'd by such Things as these.

JOHN WILSON Doctor in Musick.

To my much honoured Friend Mr. *HENRY LAWES*, On his Second Book of *Ayres*.

THings that are thus, thus excellently good,
Are hardly prais'd, 'cause hardly understood:
For though at the first hearing all admire,
Yet when into the severalls men inquire,
(Which make up the Composure*) they are lost,*
Such Ayr, Wit, Spirit, Harmony *engross'd*
In every Piece, as make's each piece the best,
And yet (as good as 'tis) a Foyl to th' rest.
How greedily do the best Judgements throng
To hear the Repetition of thy Song?
Which they still beg in vain; for when re-sung
So much new Art and Excellence is flung
Round thy Admirers (unobserv'd before)
As make's the newly-ravisht ravish'd more:
For comprehend thee fully none can doe
Till like thy Musick th'are eternall too.
'Tis Thou hast honour'd Musick, done her right,
Fitted her for a strong and usefull Flight;
She droop'd and flagg'd before, as Hawks complain
Of the sick feathers in their Wing and Train:
But thou hast imp'd the Wings she had before;
Musick does owe Thee much, the Poet more;
Thou lift'st him up, and dost new Nature bring,
Thou giv'st his noblest Verse both Feet *and* Wing.
Live then above our Prayse, immortall here,
The Atlas, *the support of Musick's Spheare,*
To what a Darkness would our Art decline,
Robb'd of thy glorious and diurnall Shine?
These fixed Tapers cannot do Thee right,
Nor fully speak thy Rayes which gave them Light,
But as small starrs by night in consort met,
Could only tell the World, our Sun is set.

CHARLES COLMAN Doctor in Musick.

To the great Maſter of his Art my honoured F. Mr. Henry Lawes on his Book of Ayres.

ALL you that have, or ought to have, no Ears;
Who (onely Snake or Gooſe) hiſs at the Spheares;
Souls that conſiſt of Seavenths and Seconds, come
(If ye can read, and be not deaf, but dumb.
Behold a Man to tune an Angel by!
Whoſe Phanſy climbes higher than Poëtry!
One that can raiſe dead Words, and ſtrike forth Wit
From Lines as low as ever W—— writ:
Who dwells not in lean Sounds, from Breath or Wyre,
(The Chamleting or Criſping of the Ayer,
The Art of Birds;) but Worded Senſe purſues,
Phanſies which noble Mankind ought to chuſe:
Knowes the right Pulſe of Wit, when it beats high,
Feel's when it hit's, then calls in Harmony,
Marryes them both, as if he would recall
How God convers'd with Man before the Fall:
Perfume's the Words, the Riſe, the Turn, the Pawſe,
Strikes till he touch the Heart; Then, then 'tis Lawes.
For Thou (Harmonious Soul, in Thouſand Songs
Taught'ſt us that Muſick's more than Chords and Lungs:
Who haſt liv'd famous forty Summers, where
What the beſt Wits have writ or ſpoke didſt hear,
And prov'd there is for Verſe a Happineſs,
If it be roab'd in thy Chromatick Dreſs.
Nor yet art tyr'd, ſtill, ſtill thy Phanſy pours
Faſter than that great Glutton Time devours.
So vaſt is that Exchequer of thy Brain,
Out-ſpends all others, yet does moſt retain.
Thou ſcorn'ſt their foraign Aid, who muſt (for fear
Of Plateaſms) with Liſping mend the Air;
Who plunder Thine, new Preſents for their Prince,
Which thou compos'dſt full eighteen Harveſts ſince.
They'll vote thee cheap (now they can ſteal no more)
And rob thy Fame, who ſtole thy Ayres before;
For ſavage Felons never think they can
Blot out the Theft till they have ſlain the Man.

But

But these ſecure thy Right *by all their* Wrongs;
proving thou mak'ſt Muſicians, *They but* Songs:
They are thy Eccho: *But when ſuch* compoſe,
How meagre, how confeſſingly it goes!
'Tis ſeen quite through, as a thin Comedy
Betrays at Firſt what the Laſt Scene will be.
Or elſe ſuch ſcolding Notes *the* Senſe *confute*,
Notes *fitter for a* Tumbrell *than a* Lute;
For though th'are twiſted on Harmonious Chords,
There's grinning Diſcord *'twixt the* Ayre *and* Words.
Thy melting Tones *and* Words *ſo ſtreaming run*
As Light *and* Heat *flow joyntly from the* Sun.
No juſtling Noyſe invades thy Symphony,
So ſpann'd, that all is link'd, yet all is free.
As on flat Maps a learn'd Geographer
Plant's here America, *and* Africk *there*,
Here Europe *ſtands, there* Aſia *is hurl'd*,
Not miſſing one hair's breadth all the Great World:
So Thou on thy Compoſing-Card's *broad face*
Sett'ſt Tenor, Counter-tenor, Treble, Baſe,
With ſuch a Maſters han'd, ſuch Symmetry,
Thou prov'ſt the World *conſiſts of* Harmony.
Thou ſhew'ſt how high that Greece-of Greece *was grown,*
Which Rome's Dictator *damn'd a Fiſher-Town*,
Reforming *all to* Cinders, *whoſe beſt Notes*
Taught but two Arts, Speeching *and* Cutting Throats;
When Sylla *made learn'd* Athens *one red Blaze*,
Whoſe Fire *and* Blood *met in his* * copper face.
But thou reviv'ſt its Aſhes, and doſt ſhow
How Greeks *rejoyc'd two thouſand years ago.*
Not all the ſwelling Vowel-men *with all*
Their Liquids, Mutes, *their* Dental, Labial,
Lingual, *and* Guttural, *new* Genal *too*,
Can half of that thy Sharps *and* Flats *can do.*
Thou ſhoot'ſt *into our* Souls, *thy* Numbers *tell*
The vaſtneſs of that Gulph 'twixt Heaven *and* Hell,
(*When pow'rfull Rapture in thy* Anthem *floats*)
'Tis Heaven *hath* Voyces, Hell *hath claſhing* Votes.
This made great Socrates *his* Gamut *conn*
(*As* Cato *Greek*) *when old and wiſeſt grown*,
As if his reaching Head, e're Martyr crown'd,
By Jacob's ſtaff *had* Jacob's ladder *found*,
Where Angels moving to and from Heav'ns Throne,
Taught the great Scale of Muſick *up and down.*

Then

* ἐξάπινα τεταχὸ. Plut. in Sylla. unde *color Syllaceus* apud *Agellium.*

Then tell me (Bedlems) *why th'audacious Drum*
Shook down the Choir, *and ſtrook the* Organ *dumb*,
Till the red Lattiſe *lift's thoſe Bellows up*
To kindle Healths, *and* celebrate *each Cup*;
Where Smoke *and* Minſtrelſy *are dealt about*
To help their groats-worth of Church-Muſick *out.*
How would the Druid *ſtart, and backward fling,*
Though none but He that could not read did ſing,
When Rome *thought* Britain *ſo deſpis'd a Clod,*
No Gentleman but ſcorn'd to be its * God!

Thou art unſtain'd, no Brocage makes thine hit,
Thou ſtick'ſt as cloſe to Virtue *as to* Wit.
Thy Art *and* Life *are* Uniſon'd, *and do*
Conſpire to call Thee Saint *and* Angel *too.*
Thou haſt ſtrung David's *Harp, as might have rouz'd*
A Legion *out of* Saul, *though* twelve years hous'd;
Putt'ſt it as much in tune (*if Man can do't*)
As Rous *or* Robert Wiſdome *put it out*:
And mad'ſt thy glorious Brother *tune it too*,
(*Whoſe* Coffin *is each* Cheſt of Viols *now*:)
O how our Paſſions interfere, to ſee
All loſt in Him, *yet all preſerv'd in* Thee!
As Jove's *two Eagles flew from Eaſt and Weſt,*
Croſs'd the whole Globe, yet ſcorn'd to ſtoop or reſt
Till met at floating Delos: *So you Two*
(*Strong high wing'd Souls*) *with different Phanſies flew*
Through the whole Sphear of Muſick, *till at laſt*
In this our floating Iſle *ye ſet all faſt.*
Thy Brother *then to Heaven's* Great Conſort *fled,*
That Ayre (*as* Light *and* Power) *might have one* Head.
Thus old Parnaſſus *was your Type, and did*
Cloſe its two tops for thy one Pyramid.

Stand then, Great Maſter, ſhine as long, as far
As Orpheus, *whoſe* Harp *is now a* Star.
Thy Works (*the Balſome of the Brain*) *requeſt*
The Crown of Time, *as oldeſt Lutes ſound beſt*:
And twenty Ages hence, when Muſick's *driven*
(*Like* Kings *and* Biſhops) *baniſh'd home to Heaven*;
If Mortals then for Wit and Phanſy look,
Others may ſpell, and read, Thou *mad'ſt the* Book.

* Parum eſt quòd Templum in Britannia habet *Claudius*, quòd hunc Barbari colunt, & ut Deum orant. *Sen.* Ἀποκολοκύντωσις

IOHN BERKENHEAD.

A.	And is this all? what one poor kiss?	*Pag.* 24	-Sir *Edward Dering* Baronet.
	Away, away, *Anacreon*,	40	-Mr. *John Berkenhead.*
	Ah, the false fatal tale I read,	13	-Mr. *Henry Reynolds.*
B.	But that I knew before we met, 47 (*alias*)	27	-*Francis Finch* of the Inner Temple Esq.
	Be not proud, 'cause fair and trim,	10	-Mr. *John Grange.*
C.	Can so much Beauty,	5	-Sir *James Palmer.*
	Come my *Lucasia* since we see, 46 (*alias*)	26	Mrs. *Catherine Philips.*
	Cupid who didst ne'r see light,	8	-Mr. *William Cartwright.*
	Chloris since first our calm of Peace,	16	-*Edmund Waller* Esq.
	Come *Chloris* leave thy wandring sheep,	23	Dr. *Henry Hughes.*
D.	Dear, thy face is Heaven to me,	6	-Sir *Christopher Nevill.*
	Delicate Beauty.	20	-Mr. *Aurelian Townshend.*
E.	Elegie on Mrs. *Sambrook.*	28	-Mr. *F. S.*
G.	Go little winged Archer,	6	-Mr. *I. C.*
	Go lovely Rose.	9	*Edmund Waller* Esq.
H.	Help, help, O help (*a Storme*)	1	Dr. *Henry Hughes.*
	How long shall I a Martyr be?	11	-Dr. *Henry Hughes.*
I.	I have been in Heaven I think,	21	-Mr. *Aurelian Townshend.*
	In vain fair *Chloris* you design.	25	-Sir *Edw. Dering.*
K.	Know *Celia* since thou art so proud.	18	-*Tho. Carew* Esq. Sewer to His late MAJESTY.
L.	Ladies, you that seem so nice,	14	-Mr. *Henry Harrington.*
	Let longing Lovers sit and pine,	22	-Dr. *Henry Hughes.*
	Ἄγαμαι σε γυναῖκες.	39	-*Anacreon.*
N.	Now, now, *Lucasia*,	3	-Mr. *John Berkenhead.*
O.	O how I hate thee now!	14	-Mr. *John Berkenhead.*
	O King of Heaven and Hell,	last	Mr. *John Berkenhead.*
	O turn away those cruel eyes,	7	-Mr. *Thomas Stanley.*
	Old Poets *Hippocrene* admire,	29	-Mr. *N. N.*
	On this swelling bank.	15	-Mr. *I. G.*
S.	Such was the sorrow *Chloris* felt.	8	-Mr. *Henry Reynolds.*
T.	Take heed fair *Chloris*,	26	-Dr. *Henry Hughes.*
	Tell me no more 'tis Love,	10	-Sir *John Mennes.*
	'Tis not i'th' power of all thy scorn.	22	-Mr. *Mat. Clifford.*
W.	When first I saw fair *Doris'* Eyes,	24	-Sir *Edward Dering.*
	Was it a Form, a Gate, a Grace,	20	-Mr. *Henry Reynolds.*
	When as *Leander*	12	-Mr. *Robert Herrick.*
	When we were parted.	19	-Mr. *Aurelian Townshend.*
Y.	Yes, yes, 'tis *Chloris* sings.	16	-Mr. *Henry Reynolds.*

DIALOGUES.

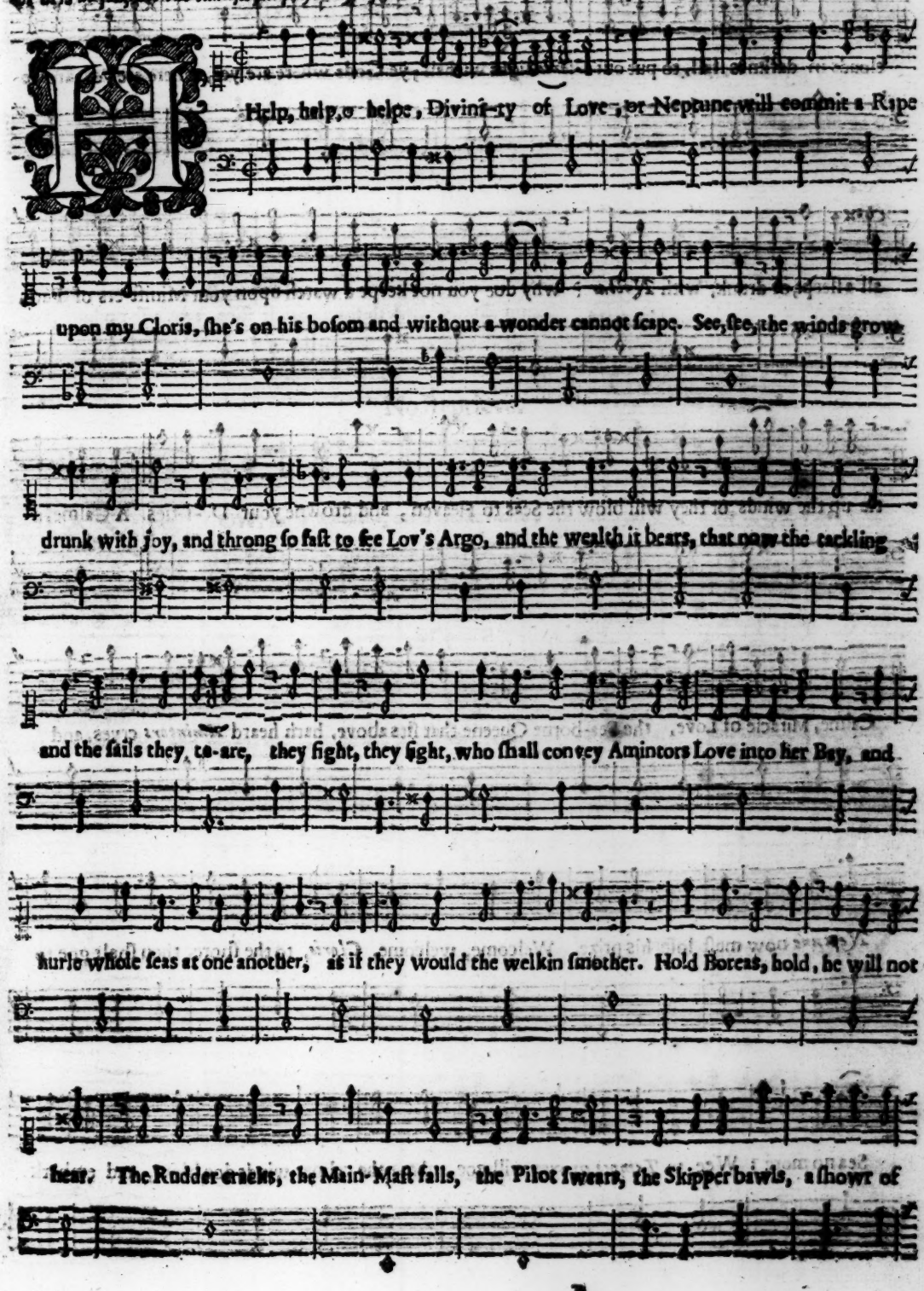
A.	Ah *Choridon!* contentedly we tend	31	-Mr. *S. B.*
D.	*Daphne*, Shepherds if they knew	33	-*James Harrington* Esq.
W.	Weep not.	30	-*Thomas Carew* Esq.

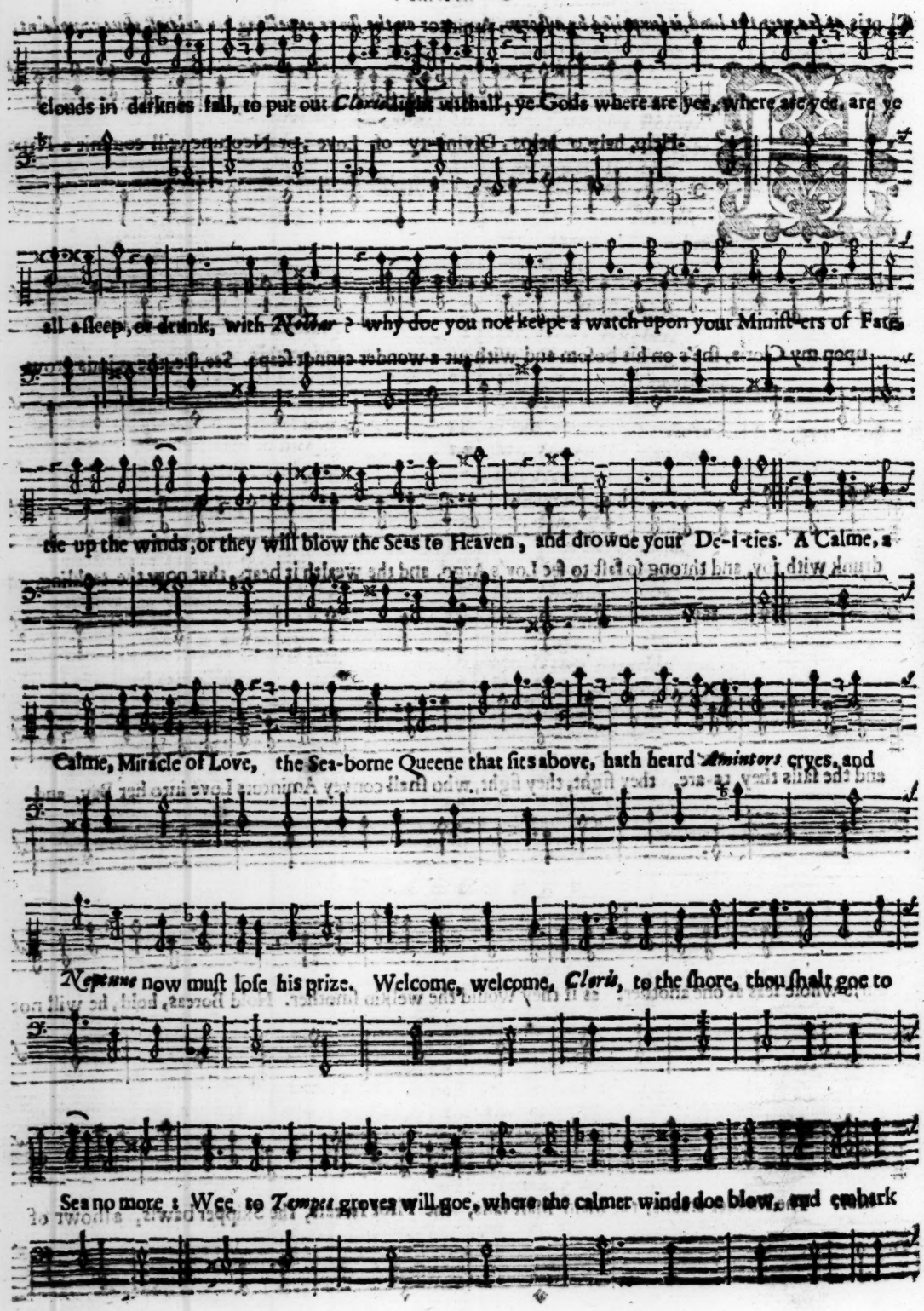
Short Ayres for 1. 2. *or* 3. *Voyces.*

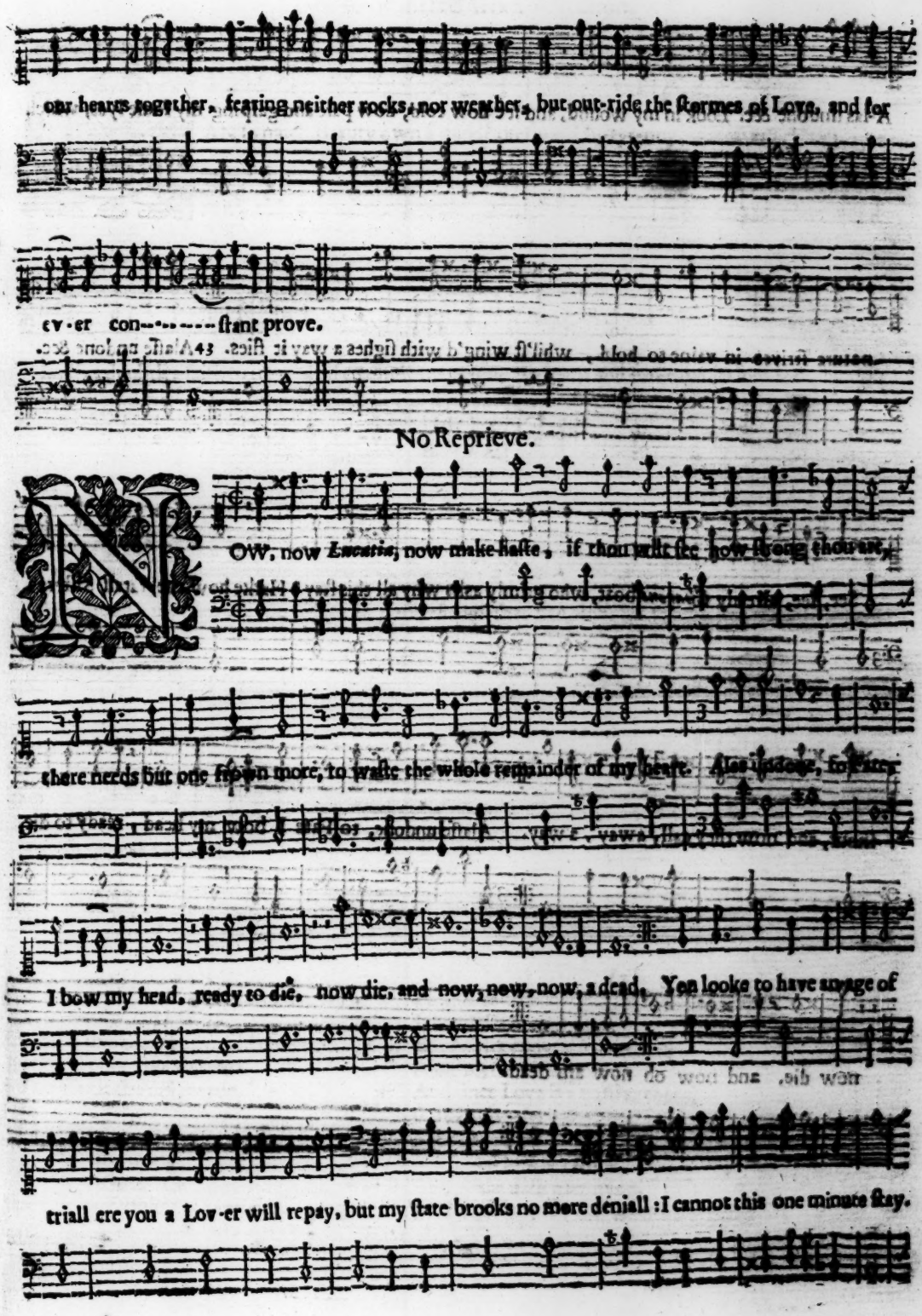
A.	Among Rose-buds slept a Bee, 36 (*alias*)	44	-Mr. *John Berkenhead.*
	A Lover once I did espie 35 (*alias*)	43	-Mr. *John Grange.*
	About the sweet-bag of a Bee. 40 (*alias*)	48	-Mr. *Robert Herrick.*
B.	Beauties have yee seen a Toy, 41 (*alias*)	49	-Mr. *Ben. Johnson.*
C.	Call the Spring with all her flowers	46	-*James Harrington* Esq.
D.	Dear, let me now this evening, 42 (*alias*)	50	-Sir *William Davenant.*
F.	Fear not, dear love,	47	-*Thomas Carew* Esq.
H.	Hither we come into this world,	41	-Mr. *John Fletcher.*
I.	In the non-age of a Winters day, 37 (*alias*)	45	-Mr. *I. M.*
V.	View, *Lesbia*, view 34 (*alias*)	42	-Mr. *Henry Reynolds.*
W.	Why should great Beauties 43 (*alias*)	51	-Sir *William Davenant.*
	Hymnes to		
	God the Father 44 (*alias*)	52	
	God the Son 45 (*alias*)	53	-*John Crofts* Esq. Cup-bearer to his late MAJESTY.
	God the Holy Ghost 46 (*alias*)	54	

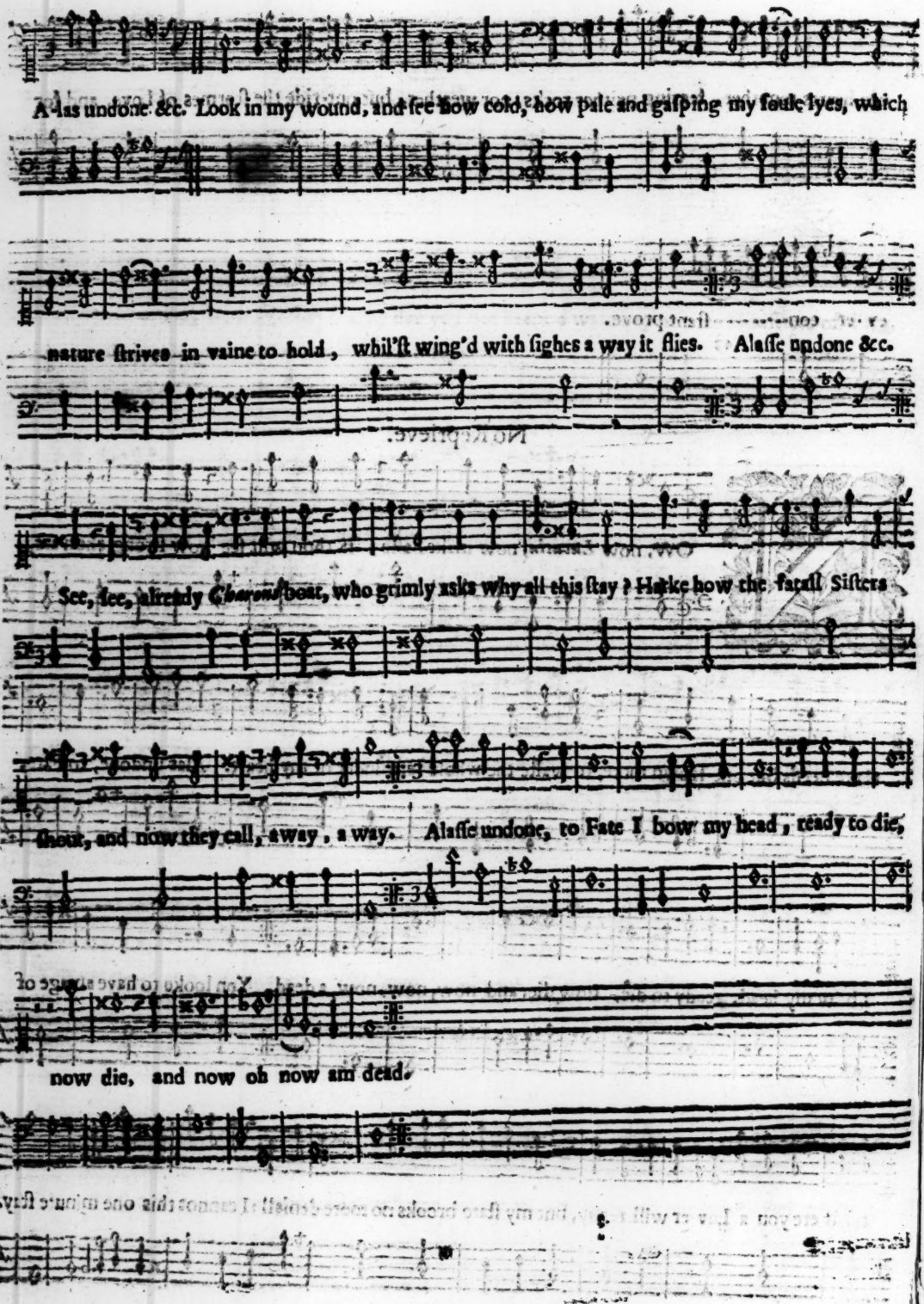
A Storme:

Cloris *at sea, neer the land, is surprised by a storm,* Amintor *on the shore expecting her arrival, thus complains:*

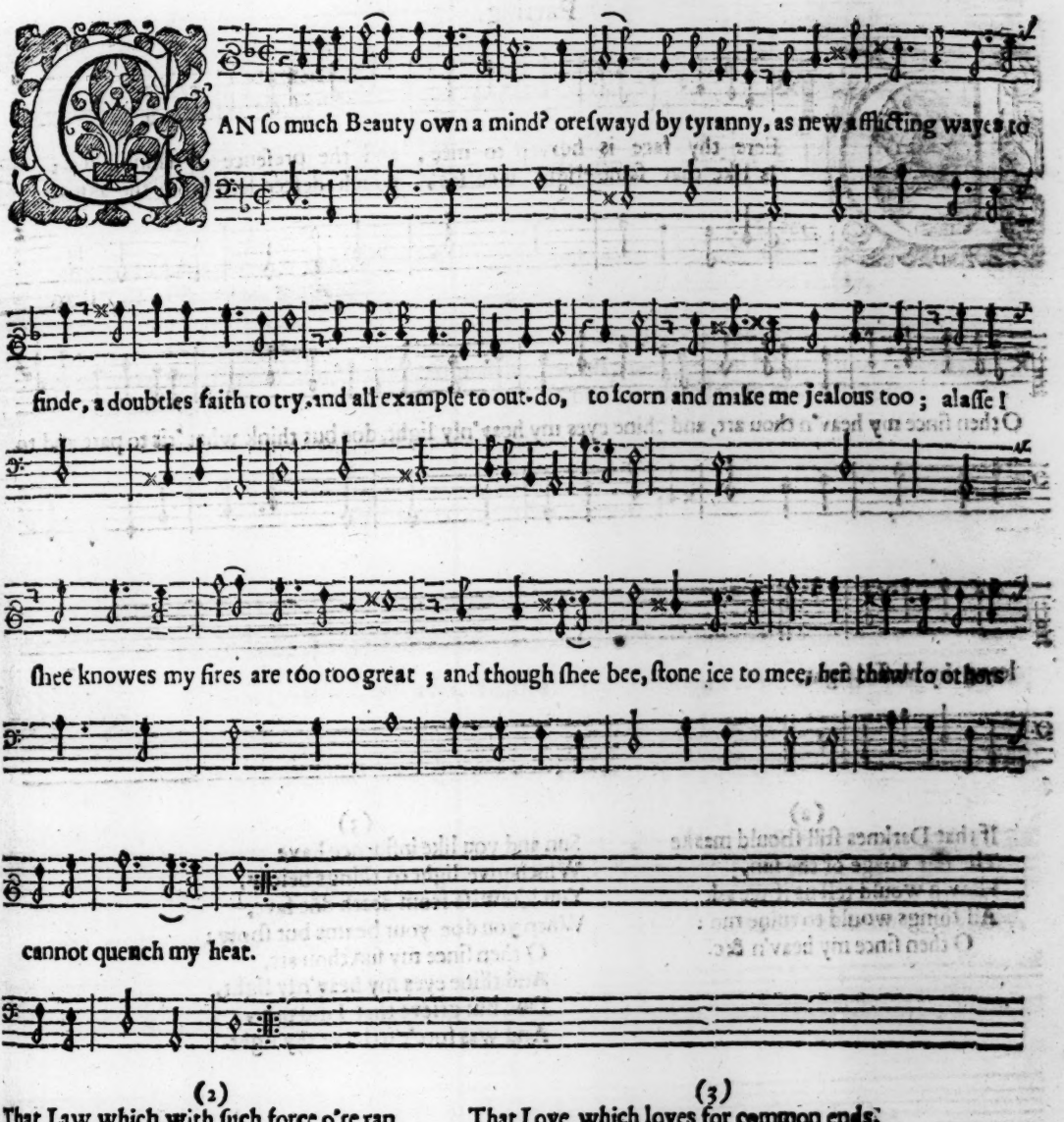



clouds in darknes fall, to put out Clorises light withall; ye Gods where are yee, where are yee, are ye
all asleep, or drunk, with Nectar? why doe you not keepe a watch upon your Minist-ers of Fate,
tie up the winds, or they will blow the Seas to Heaven, and drowne your De-i-ties. A Calme, a
Calme, Miracle of Love, the Sea-borne Queene that sits above, hath heard Aminters cryes, and
Neptune now must lose his prize. Welcome, welcome, Cloris, to the shore, thou shalt goe to
Sea no more: Wee to Tempe groves will goe, where the calmer winds doe blow, and embark


our hearts together, fearing neither rocks, nor weather, but out-ride the stormes of Love, and for
ev-er con-----stant prove.
No Reprieve.
NOW, now Exactus, now make haste, if thou wilt see how strong thou art,
there needs but one frown more, to waste the whole remainder of my heart. Alas Iudge, for ever
I bow my head, ready to die, now die, and now, now, now, a dead. Yet looke to have usage of
triall ere you a Lov-er will repay, but my state brooks no more deniall: I cannot this one minute stay.


Alas undone &c. Look in my wound, and see how cold, how pale and gasping my soule lyes, which
nature strives in vaine to hold, whil'st wing'd with sighes a way it flies. Alasse undone &c.
See, see, already Charons boat, who grimly asks why all this stay? Harke how the fatall Sisters
shout, and now they call, away, away. Alasse undone, to Fate I bow my head, ready to die,
now die, and now oh now am dead.

Not to be altred from Affection.



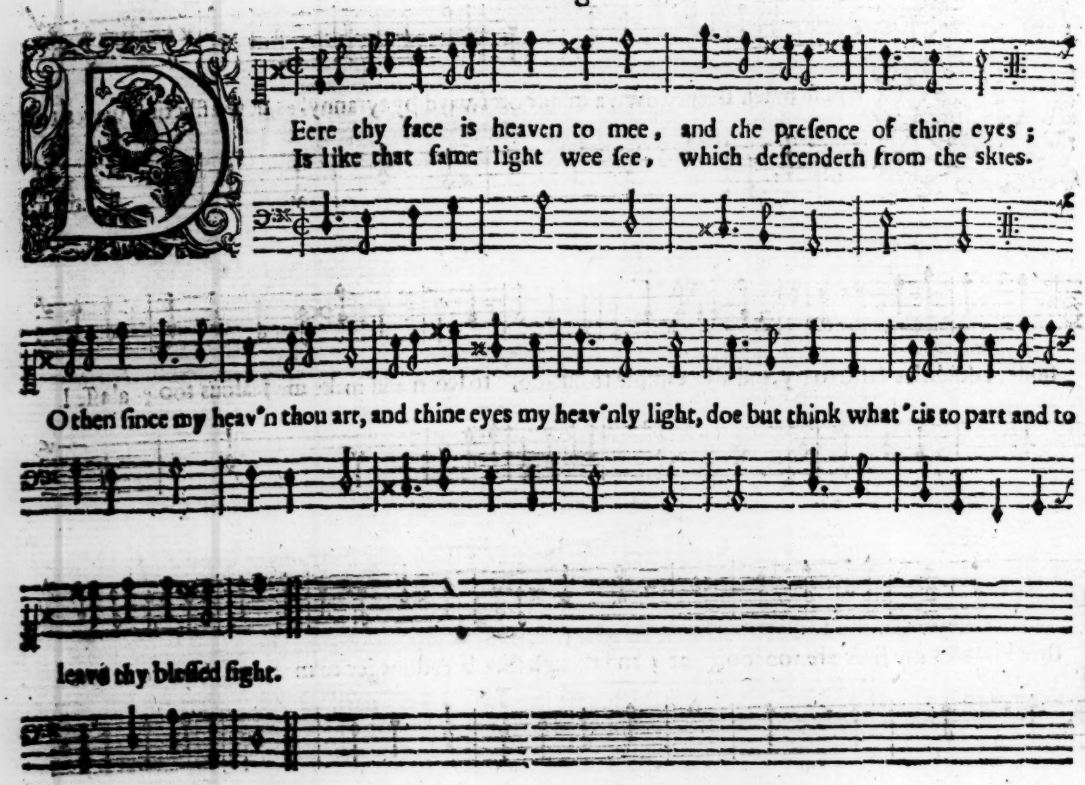
(2)

That Law which with such force o're ran
The Armies of my heart,
When no one thought I could out man,
That durst once take my part.
For by assault she did invade,
No composition to be made:
Then, since all must yeeld as well as I
to stand in aw
of Victors Law
Ther's no prescribing in captivity.

(3)

That Love which loves for common ends,
Is but selfe loving love,
But nobler conversation tends
Soule mysteries to prove.
And since Love is a passive thing,
It multiplies by suffering:
Then, though she throw life to the waning Moon,
on him her shine,
the dark part mine,
Yet I must love her still when all is done.

Parting.



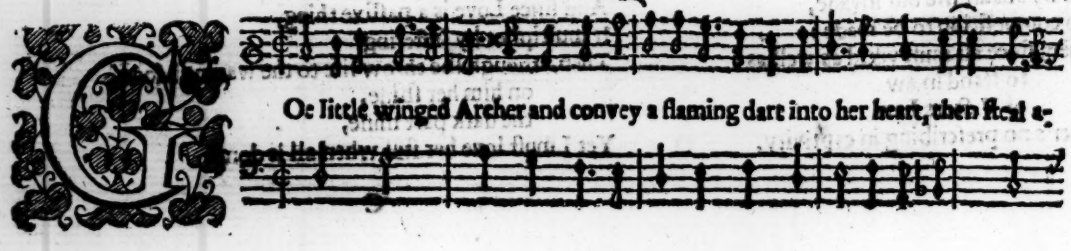
(2)

If that Darknes ſtill ſhould maske
The fair viſage of the ſun,
Heav'n would tell us if we ask
All things would to ruine run:
O then ſince my heav'n &c.

(3)

Sun and you like influence have
Which give light to things below,
You likewiſe from death doe ſave,
When you doe your beams but ſhow:
O then ſince my ſun thou art,
And thine eyes my heav'nly light,
Doe but grieve that I did part,
And was forc't to leave thy ſight.

Cupids Embaſſie.



way as soone as thou hast set her all on fire, and left her burning in her chaste desire.

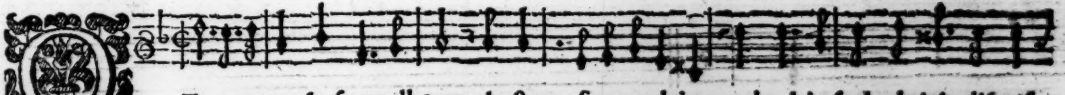
(2)

Thus teach her what it is to love, that she
When that her eyes
Doe tyrannize
May pity me;
And know the flame that hath my heart possest
By the distemper of her scorched breast.

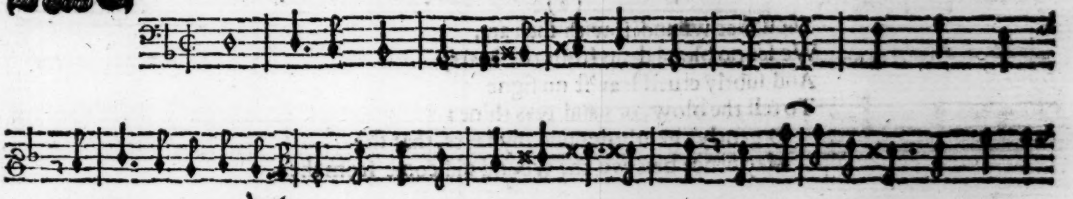
(3)

And when she burns if thee'l appease my flame
With smiles which fly,
Oft as her eye,
I'le doe the same;
So may we love, and burn, but ne'r expire,
While we add fuell to each others fire.

He would not be tempted.

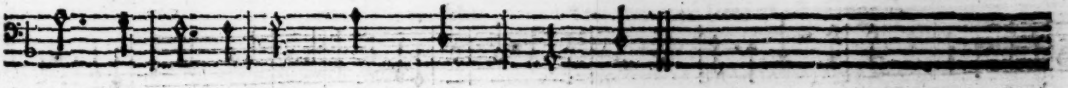


Turn away those cruell eyes, the stars of my undoing, or death in such a bright disguise,



may tempt a second wooing: punish their blind and impious pride, who dare contemne thy Glory,

it was my fall that destyde thy name, and scald thy story.



(2)

Yet no new suffering can prepare
A higher praise to crown thee,
Though my first death proclaime thee fair,
My second will unthrone thee.

Lovers will doubt thou canst intice
No other for thy fuell,
And if thou turne one victim twice,
Or thinke thee poor, or cruell,

A Prayer to *Cupid*.

Upid who didſt ne're ſee light, nor know'ſt the pleaſure of the ſight, but ever blind-

ed canſt not ſay, now it is night, or now tis day: ſo captivate her ſence, ſo blind her eye, that ſtill ſhe

love me, though ſhe know not why.

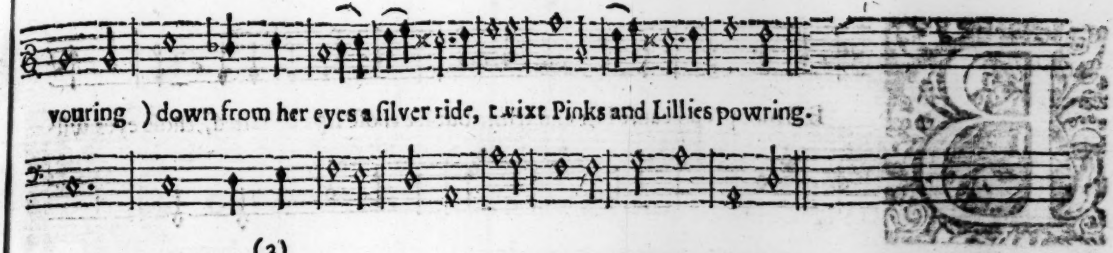
(2)

Thou that woundeſt with ſuch art,
We ſee no blood drop from the heart,
And ſubtly cruell leav'ſt no ſigne
To tell the blow, or hand was thine:
O gently, gently wound my fayre, that ſhe
May hence beleeve the wound did come from thee.

Parting.

Uch was the ſorrow *Cloris* felt at her *Amintors* parting, her heart the pain (a-

boad) ſo deal'e (perhaps to eaſe the ſmarting) I ſaw what ſhe eſſay'd to hide (rays'd by her griefs de-



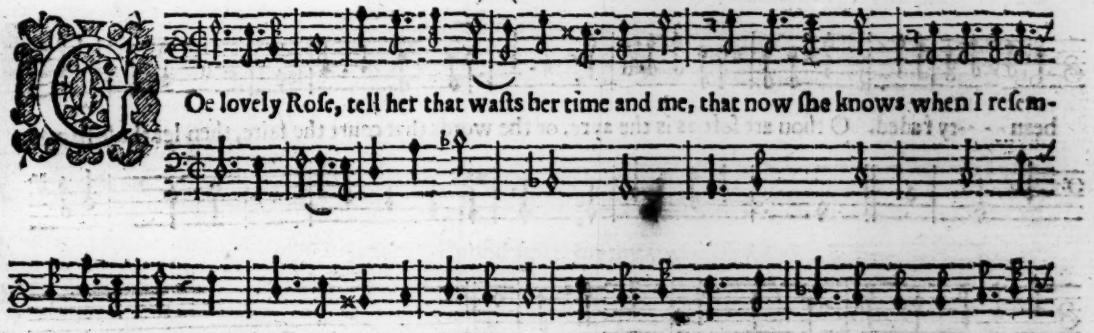
vouring) down from her eyes a ſilver ride, t wixt Pinks and Lillies powring.

(2)

Whilſt Love (at fall of ev'ry tear,
Weary perhaps with playing)
Sat to refreſh, and bath him there,
His pointed wings diſplaying.

But ſoon the ſtream her fayre hand dries,
When ſtraight you might eſpie him
Into the ſun ſhine of her eyes,
Peatcht up to prune and dry him.

The Roſe.



Go lovely Roſe, tell her that waſts her time and me, that now ſhe knows when I reſem-

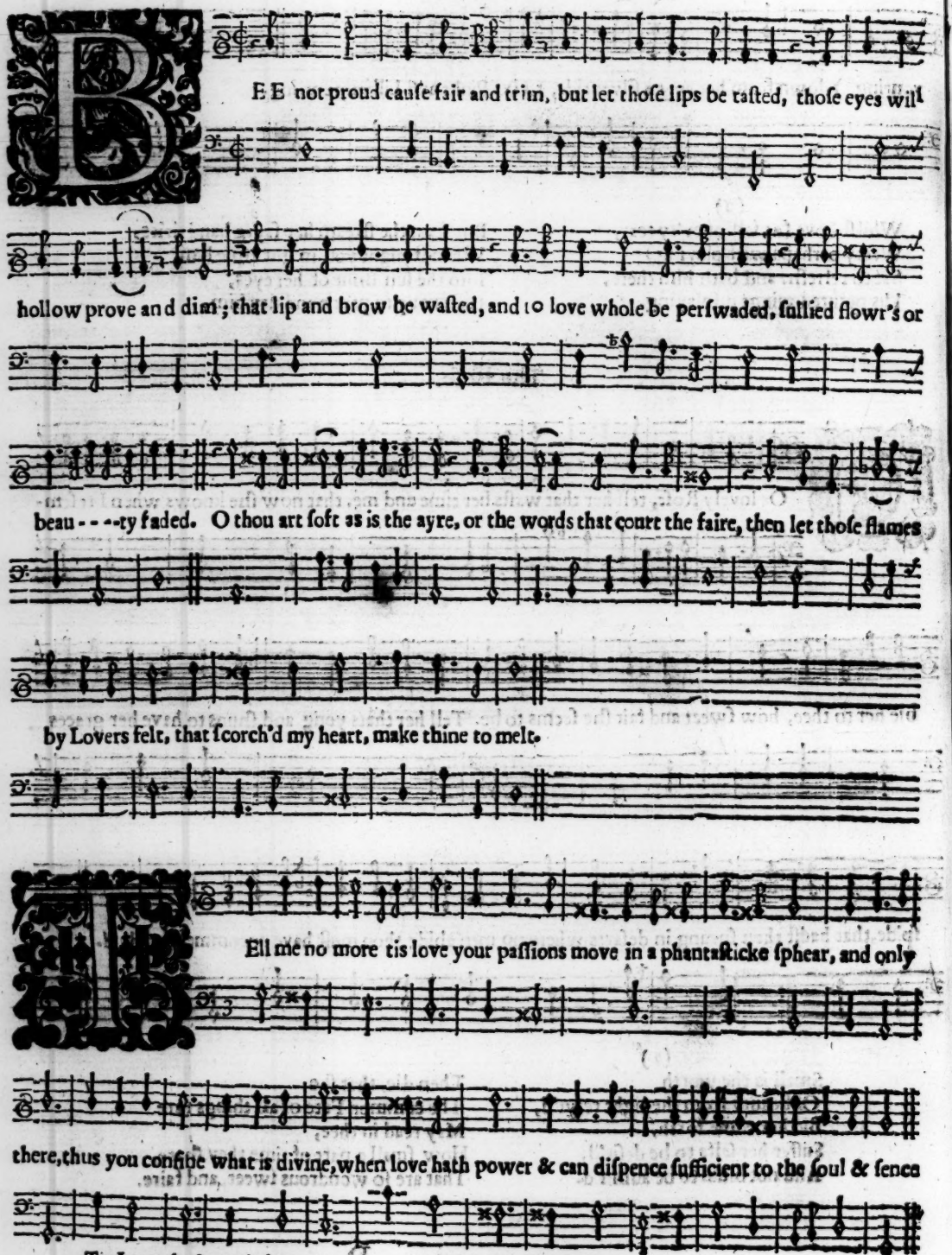
ble her to thee, how ſweet and fair ſhe ſeems to be. Tell her thats yong and ſhuns to have her graces

ſpide, that hadſt thou ſprung in deſarts where no men abide, thou muſt have uncommended dy'd.

(2)

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retyr'd,
Bid her come forth,
Suffer her ſelfe to be deſir'd.
And not blush to be admir'd.

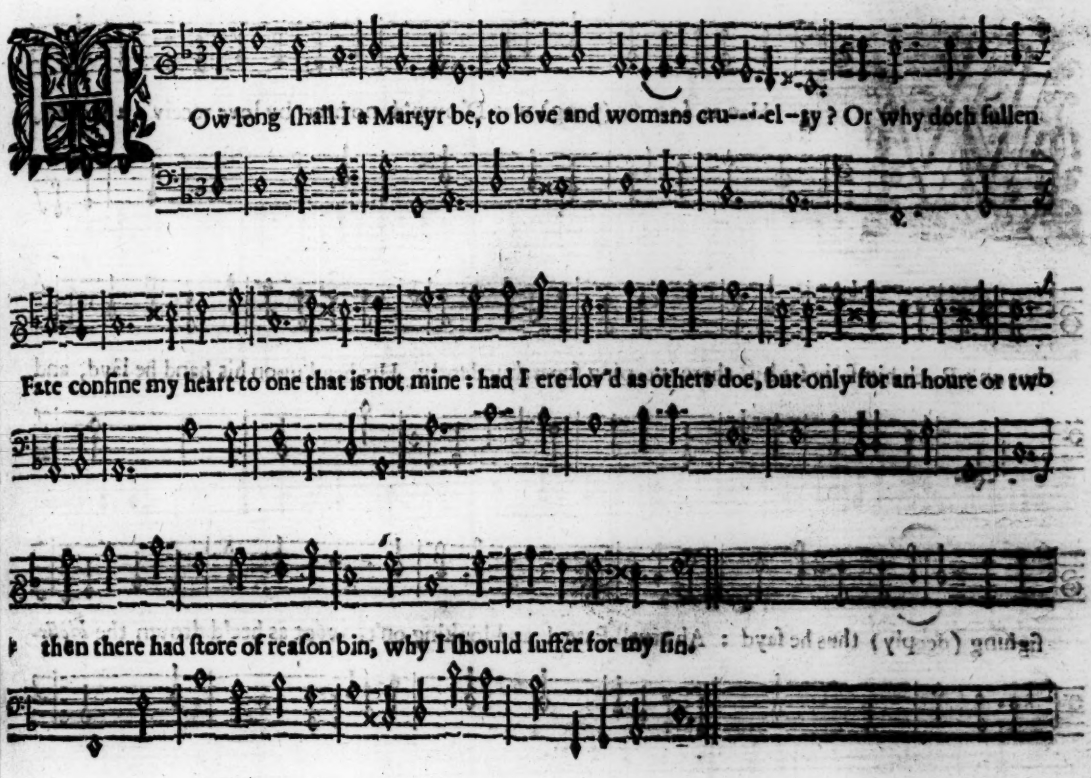
Then die, that ſhe
The common Fate of all things rare
May read in thee,
How ſmall a part of time they ſhare,
That are ſo wondrous ſweet, and faire.



Tis Love the ſence informs
And cold blood warms,
Nor gives the ſoule a Throne
To us alone,

But bids them bend
Both to one end,
And then tis Love when thus deſign'd,
They make another of their kind,

Loves Martyr.



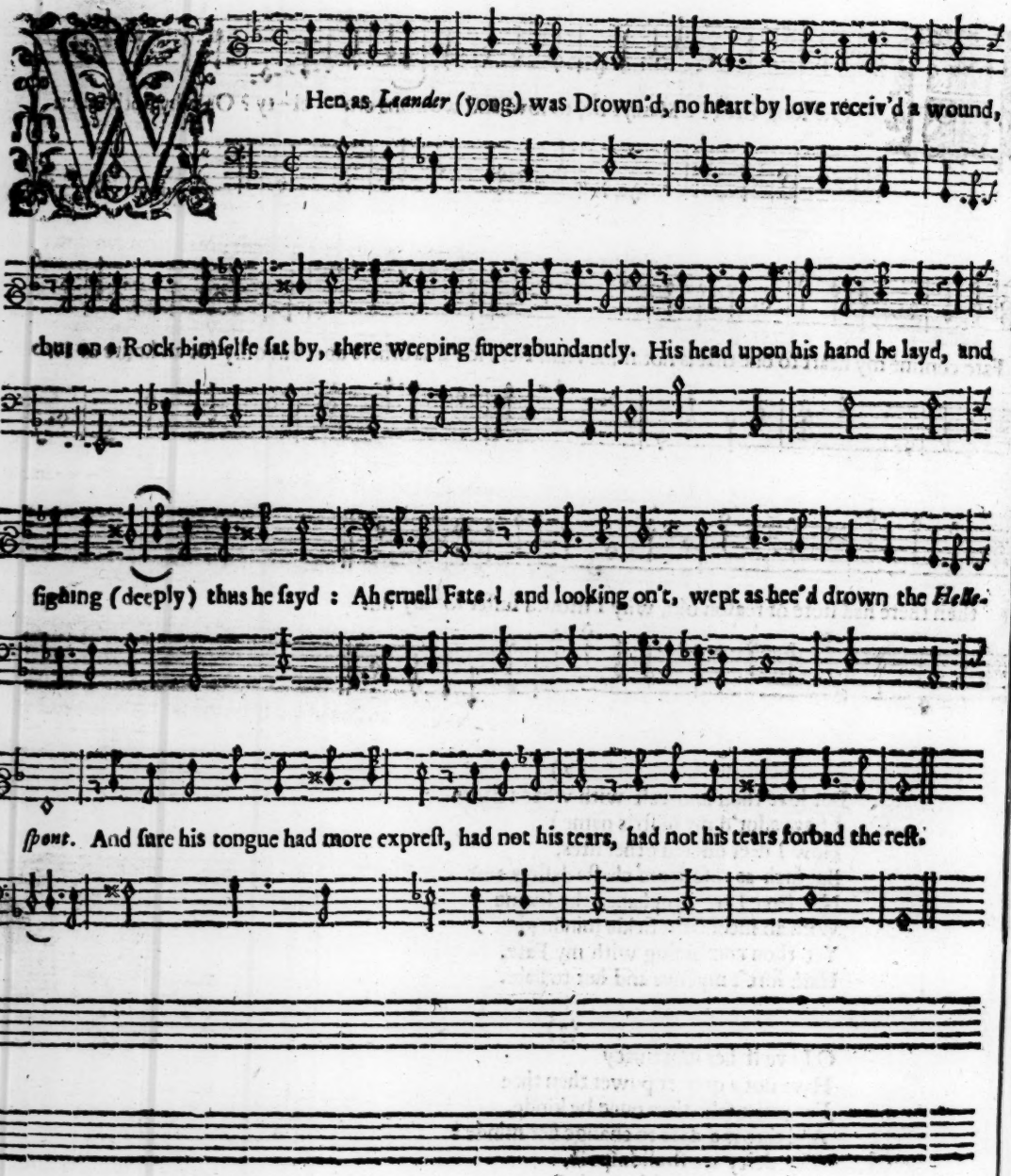
(2)

But love thou knowest with what a flame
I have ador'd my mistris name:
How I neer offered other fires,
But such as rose from chaste desires:
Nor have I ere prophaned thy shrine
With an inconstant fickle minde;
Yet thou combining with my Fate,
Hath forc't my love and her to hate.

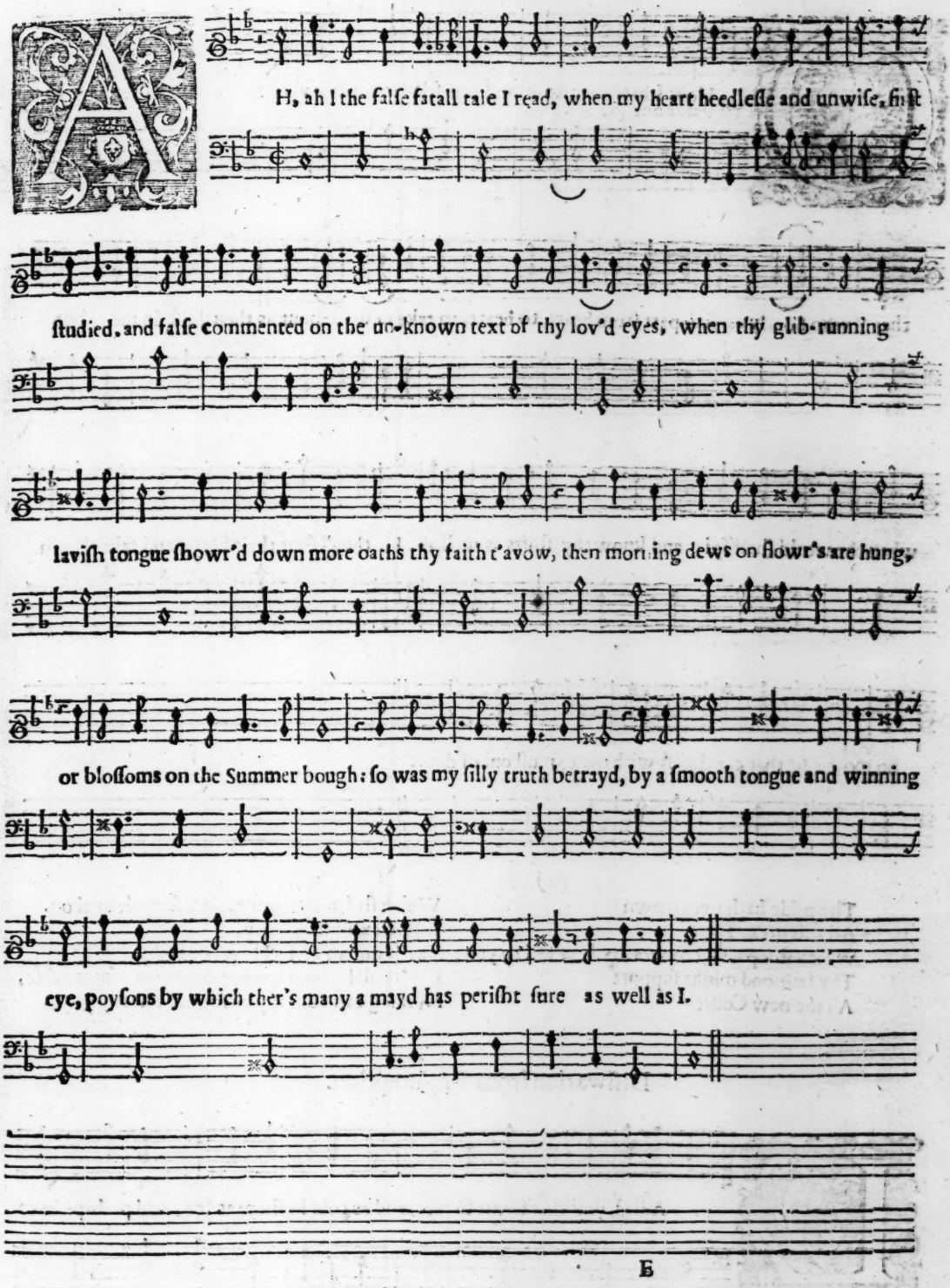
(3)

O Love if her supremacy
Have not a greater power then thee
For pities sake then once be kinde,
And throw a dart to change her minde:
Thy deity we shall suspect,
If our reward must be neglect.
Then make her love or let me bee
Inspir'd with scorne as well as she.

Leander Drownd.



Betrayd, by Belecfe.



How I hate thee now, and my ſelfe too, for loving ſuch a falſe, falſe thing as

thee! who hourly canſt depart from heart, to heart, to take new harbour as thou didſt in me; but

when the world ſhall ſpie, and know thy ſhifts as well as I, they'l ſhut their hearts and take thee in

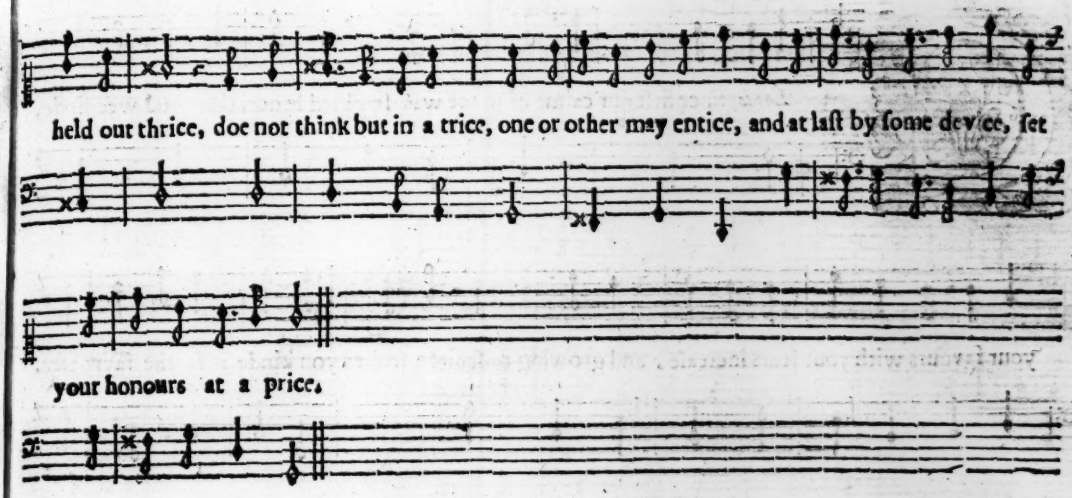
no more; he that can dwell with none, muſt out of door.

(2)

Thy pride hath overgrown
All this great Town
Which ſtoops, and bowes, as low as I to you;
Thy falſhood might ſupport
All the new Court
Which ſhifts, and turne, almoſt as oft as thou.
But to expreſſe thee by,
Ther's not an object low, or high,
For 'twill be found, when ere the meaſures tride,
Nothing can read thy falſhood, but thy pride.

Diſſwation from Preſumption.

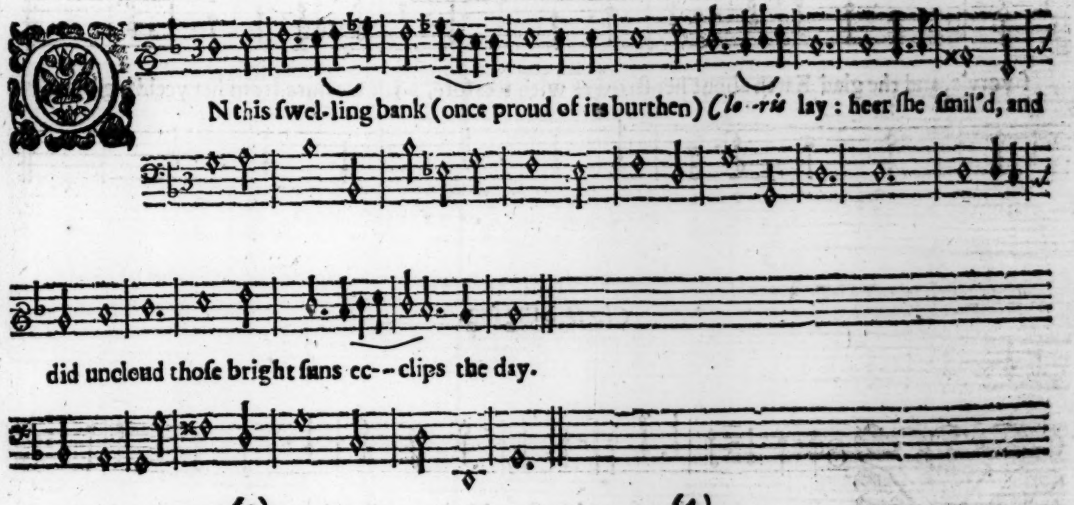
Adies, you that ſeeme ſo nice, and as cold in ſhew as Ice, and perhaps have



(2)

You whoſe ſmooth and dainty skin,
Roſie lips, or cheeks, or chin,
All that gaze upon you win;
Yet inſult not, ſparks within,
Slowly burn ere flames begin,
And preſumption ſtill hath bin
Held a moſt notorious ſin.

A Remembrance.



(2)

Heere we ſate, and with kind art
She about me twin'd her arms,
Claſpd in hers my hand and heart
Fetter'd by thoſe pleaſing charms.

(3)

Heer my love and joyes ſhe crownd
Whil'ſt the hours ſtood ſtill before me,
With a killing glance did wound
And a melting kiſſe reſtore me.

(4)

On the down of eyther breaſt
Whil'ſt with joy my ſoule retir'd,
My reſigning heart did reſt
Till her lips new life inſpir'd.

(5)

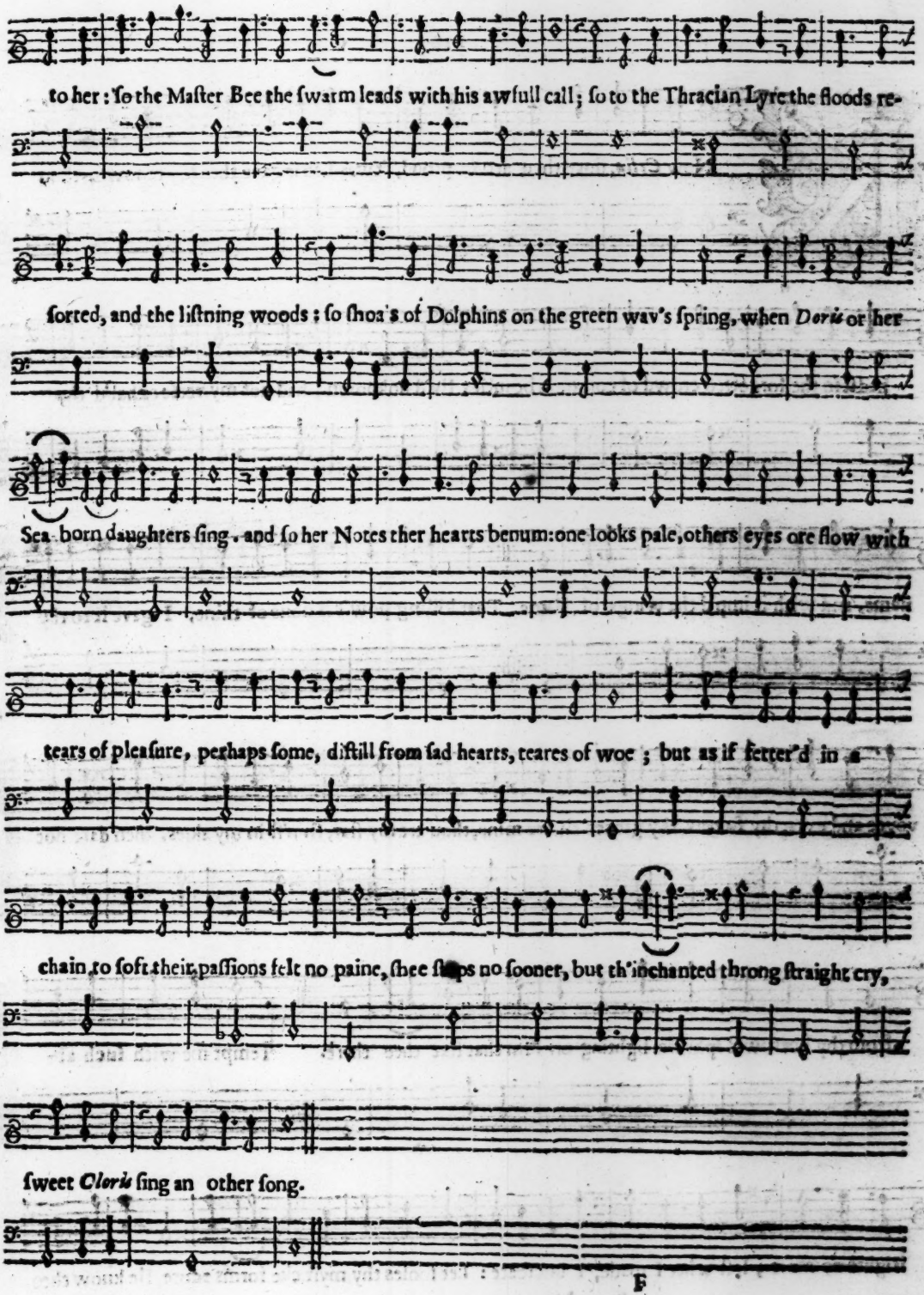
The renewing of theſe ſights,
Doth with griefe and pleaſure fill me,
And the thought of thoſe delights
Both at once revive and kill me.

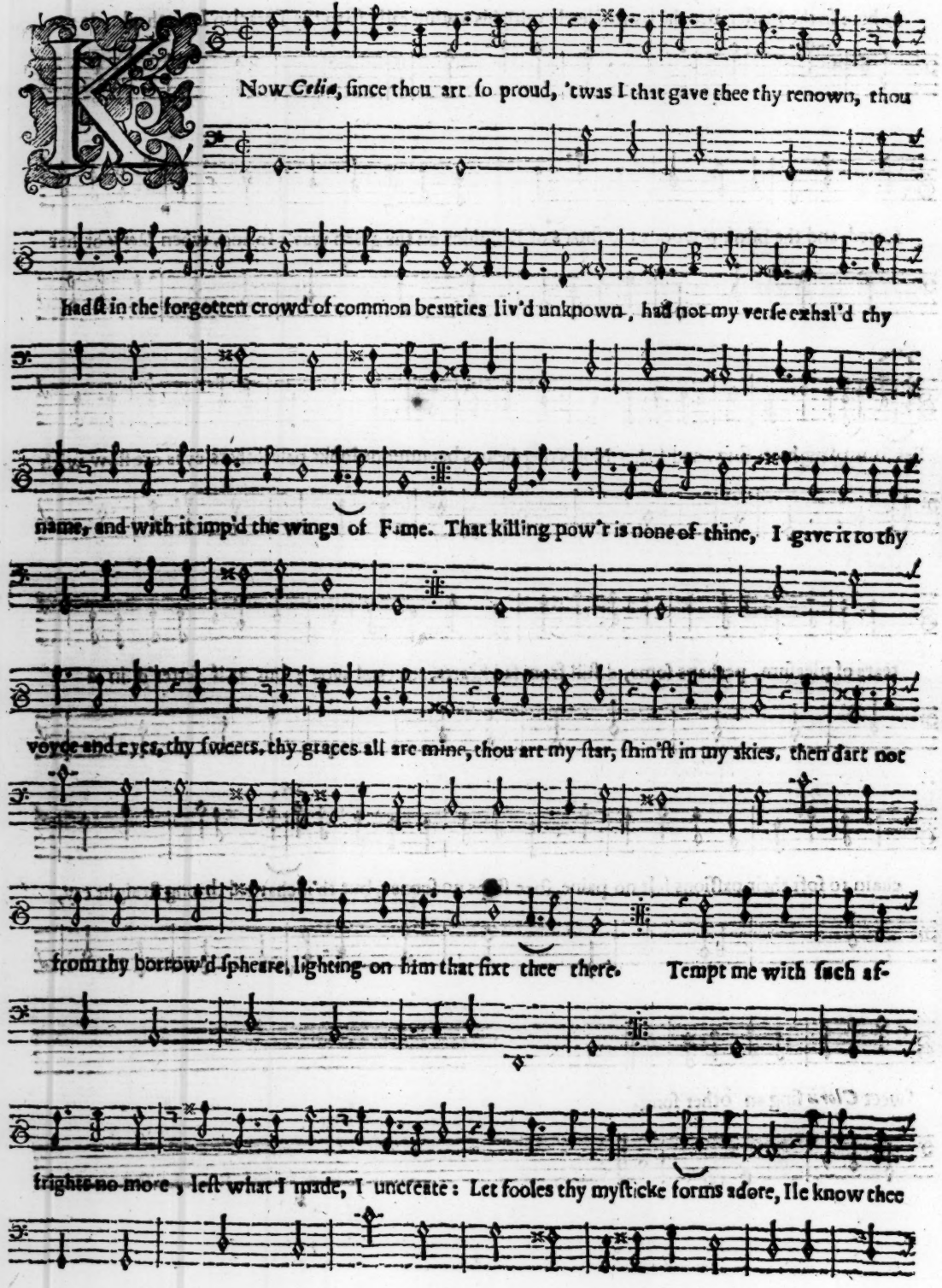
To a Lady, more affable ſince the war began.

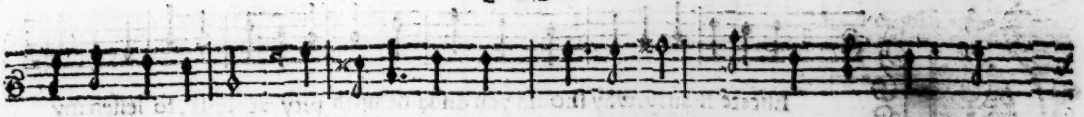
Loris, ſince firſt our calme of peace was frighted hence, this good wee finde,
your favours with your fears increaſe, and growing miſchiefe makes you kinde; ſo the fayre tree,
(which ſtill preſerves her fruit and ſtate when no winde blowes) in ſtormes, from that uprightneſſe
ſwerv's, and the glad Earth about her ſtrowes with treaſure, with treaſure from her yeelding boughs.

Cloris Singing.

Es, yes, 'tis *Cloris* ſings, 'tis ſhe; Mark how the Nymphs and Shepheards all flock

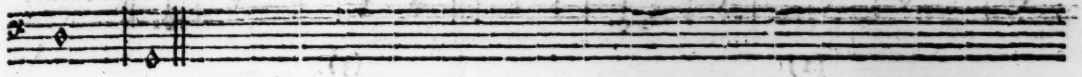

to her: ſo the Maſter Bee the ſwarm leads with his awfull call; ſo to the Thracian Lyre the floods re-
ſorted, and the liſtning woods; ſo ſhoa's of Dolphins on the green wav's ſpring, when *Doris* or her
Sea-born daughters ſing, and ſo her Notes ther hearts benum: one looks pale, others eyes ore flow with
tears of pleaſure, perhaps ſome, diſtill from ſad hearts, teares of woe; but as if fetter'd in a
chain, ſo ſoft their paſſions felt no paine, ſhee ſtops no ſooner, but th'inchanted throng ſtraight cry,
ſweet *Cloris* ſing an other ſong.

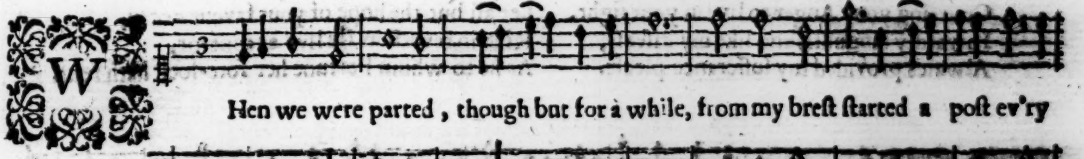

Now Celia, since thou art so proud, 'twas I that gave thee thy renown, thou
hadst in the forgotten crowd of common beauties liv'd unknown, had not my verse exhal'd thy
name, and with it imp'd the wings of Fame. That killing pow'r is none of thine, I gave it to thy
voyce and eyes, thy sweets, thy graces all are mine, thou art my star, shin'st in my skies, then dart not
from thy borrow'd sphear, lighting on him that fixt thee there. Tempt me with such af-
frights no more, lest what I made, I uncreate: Let fooles thy mysticke forms adore, Ile know thee



in thy mortall ſtate; wiſe Poets that wrapp'd truth in tales, knew her themſelves through

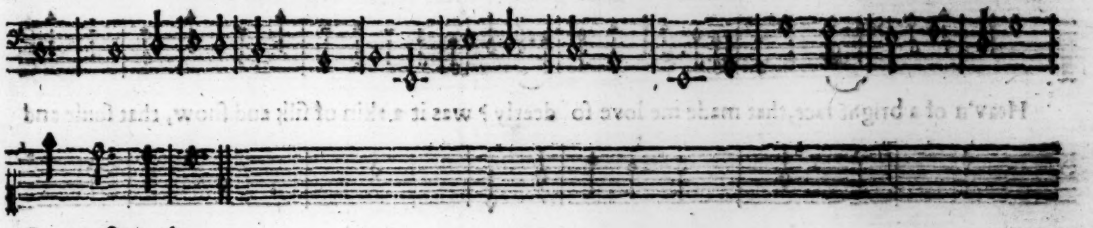
all her wayles.



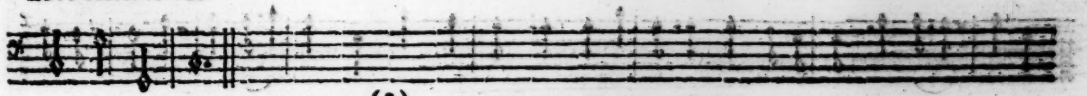


When we were parted, though but for a while, from my breſt ſtarted a poſt ev'ry

mile: but I feare, none were directed from your boſome to me; for a beauty ſo neglected, looks for



Love cuſtome free.



(2)

'Tis then no marveill
My ſtate ſhould decay,
Brought to be ſervil
And kept from my pay.

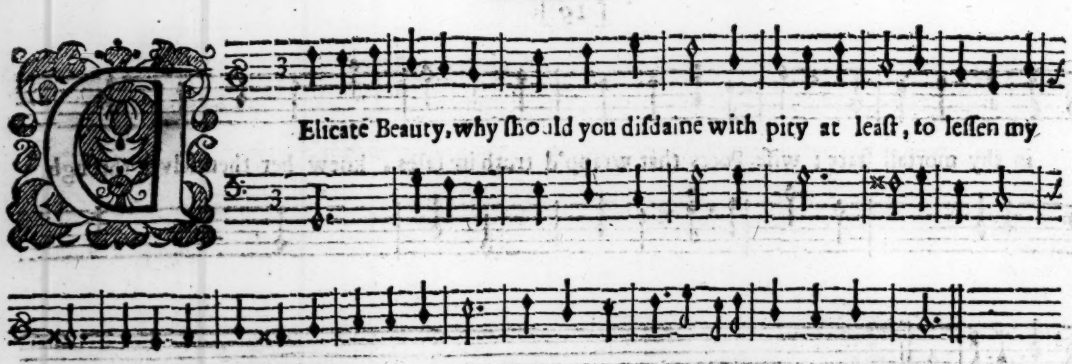
But ingratefull to the giver,
Know the Sea as your King,
Can as well exhauſt a river,
As you ſuck up a ſpring.

(3)

And though triumphing
You rowle to the Main
Small ſt eams are ſomething
And part of your train.

Uſe me gently then that follow
Made by cuſtome ſo tame,
I am ſilent whileſt you ſwallow
Both my teares, and my name.

Sufferance.

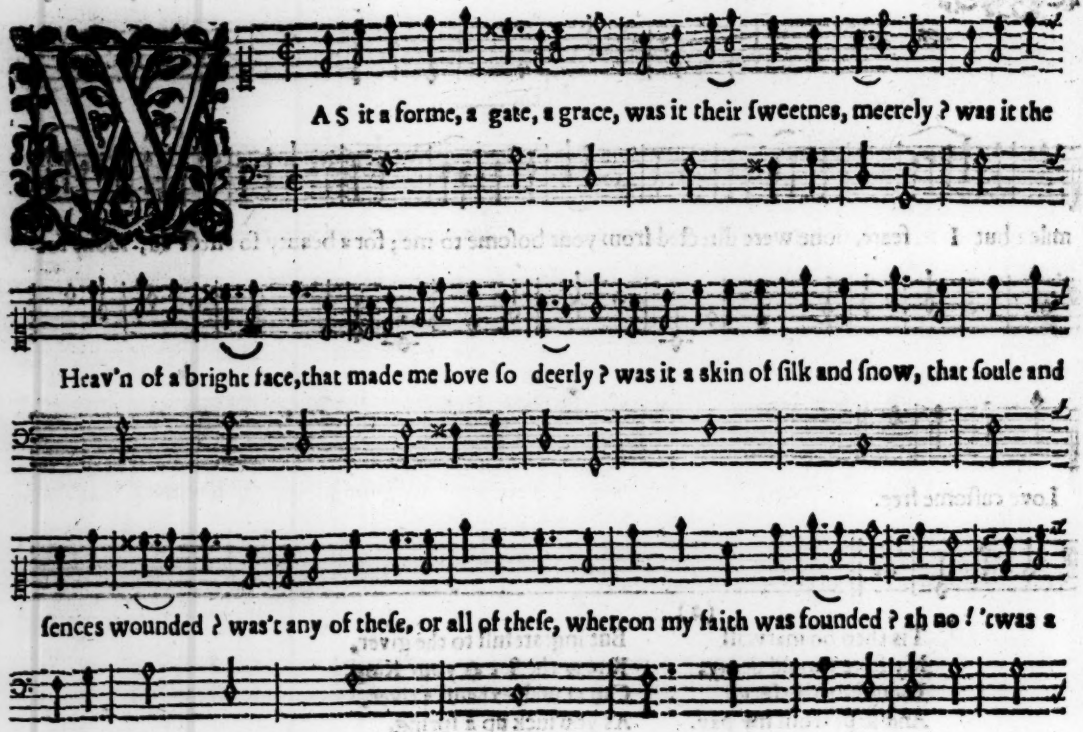


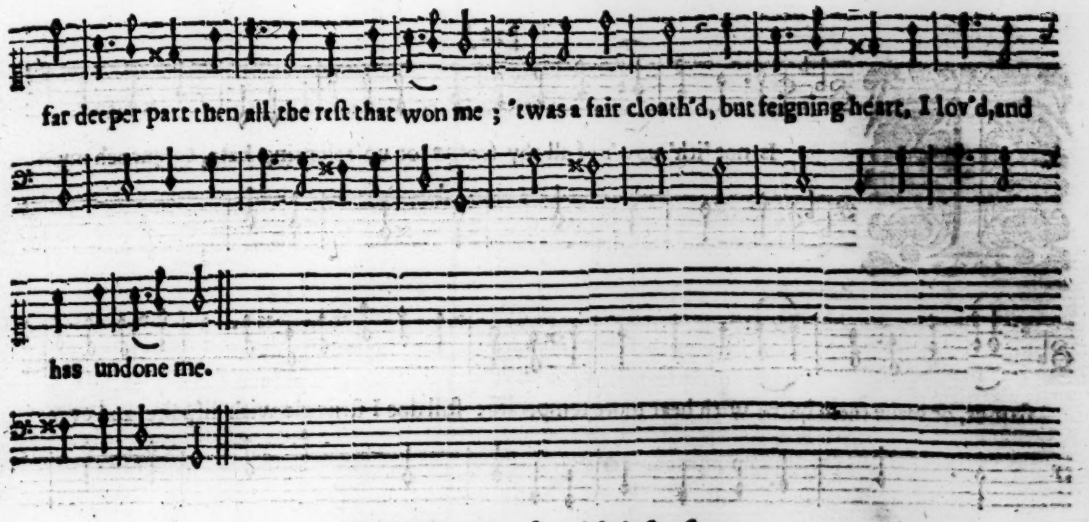
(2)

Suffer in ſilence I can with delight
Courting your Anger to live in your ſight,
Inwardly languiſh, and like my diſeaſe,
Alwaies provided my ſufferance pleaſe.

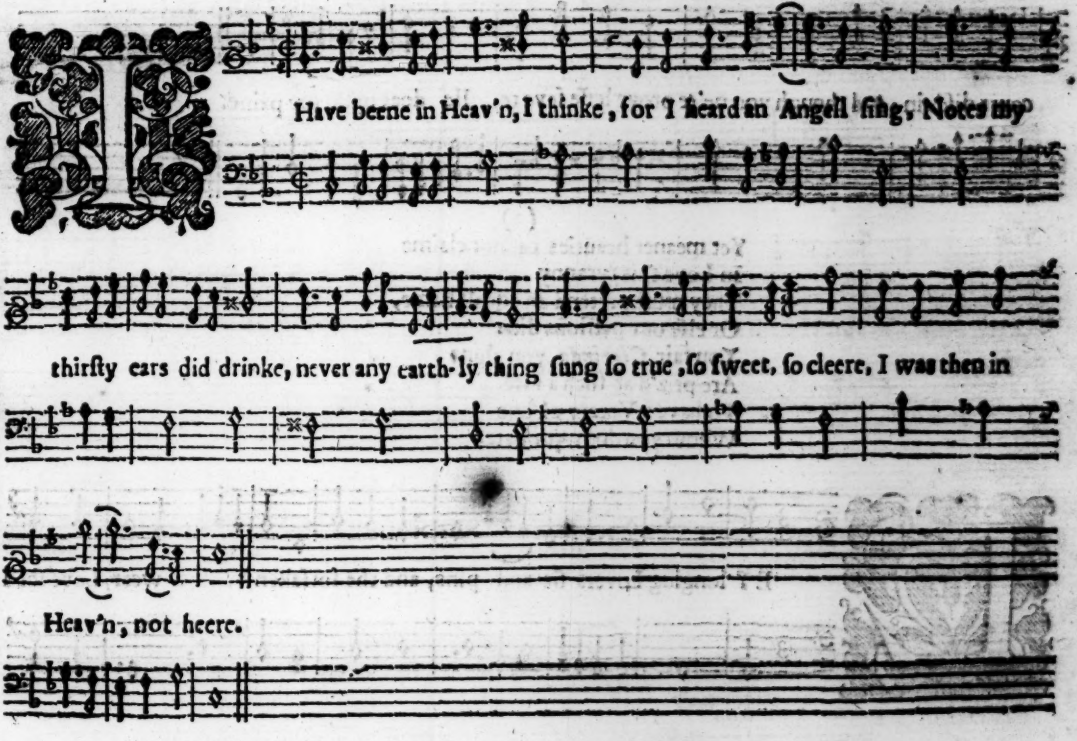
(3)

Take all my comforts in preſent away,
Let all but the hope of your favour decay,
Rich in reverſion Ile live as content,
As he to whom Fortune her fore-lock hath lent.





On his hearing her Majeſty ſing.

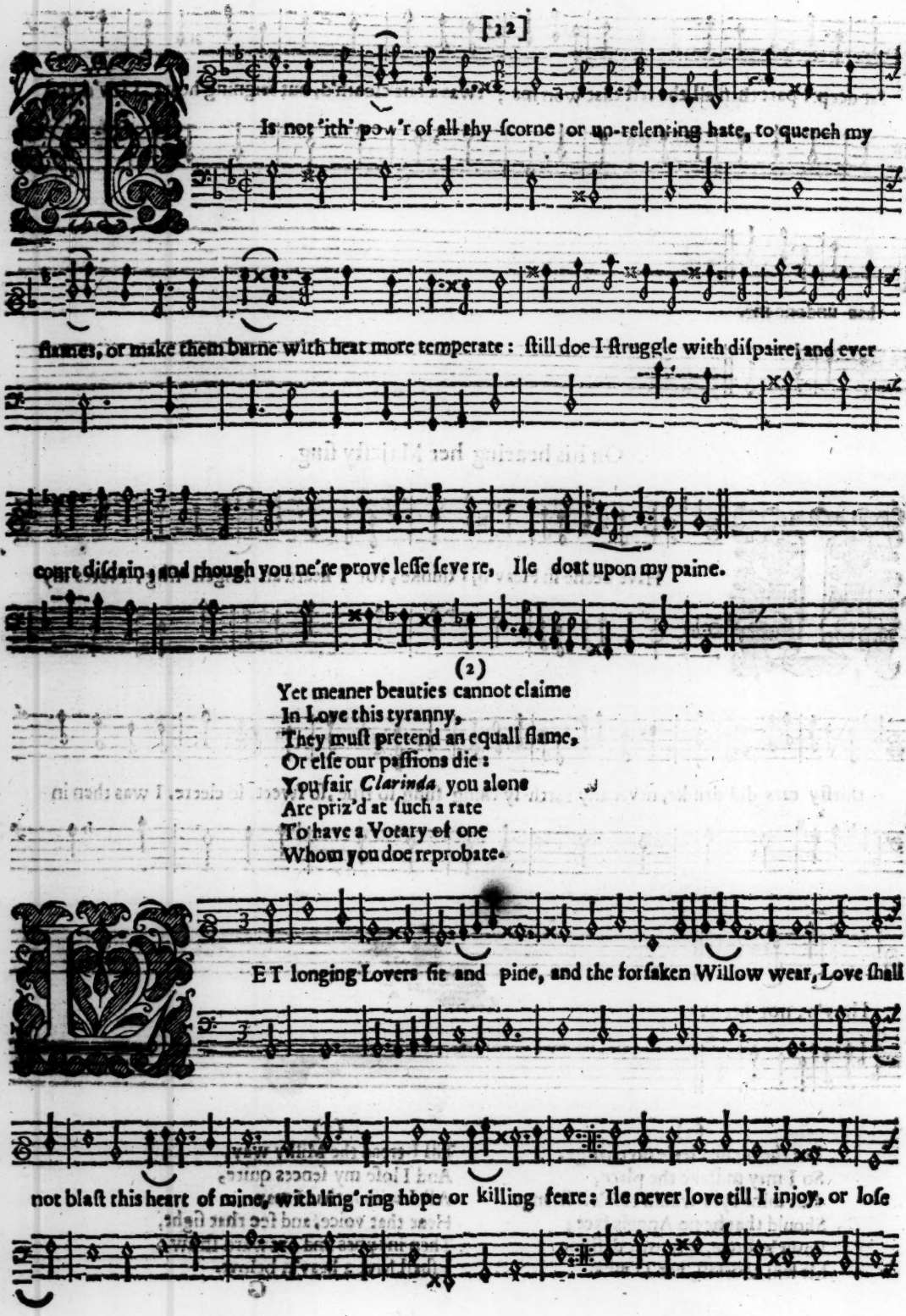


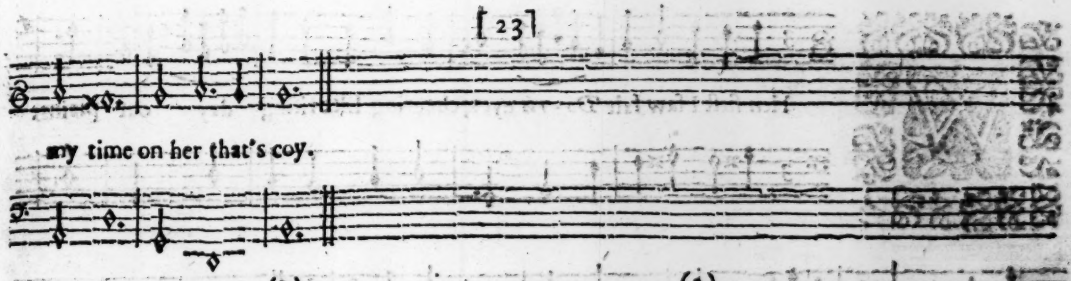
(2)

But the bleſſed feele no change,
So I may miſtake the place,
But mine eyes would think it ſtrange
Should that be no Angels face;
Powr'rabove, it ſeems, deſigne
Me ſtill Mortall, her Divine.

(3)

Till I tread the Milky way,
And I loſe my ſences quite,
All I wiſh is that I may
Hear that voice, and ſee that ſight,
Then in types and outward ſhow,
I ſhall have a heav'n below.


Is not 'ith' pow'r of all thy ſcorne or un-relenting hate, to quench my
flames, or make them burne with heat more temperate: ſtill doe I ſtruggle with diſpaire; and ever
court diſdain, and though you ne're prove leſſe ſevere, Ile dost upon my paine.
(2)
Yet meaner beauties cannot claime
In Love this tyranny,
They muſt pretend an equall flame,
Or elſe our paſſions die:
You fair Clarinda you alone
Are priz'd at ſuch a rate
To have a Votary of one
Whom you doe reprobate.
LET longing Lovers ſit and pine, and the forſaken Willow wear, Love ſhall
not blaſt this heart of mine, with ling'ring hope or killing feare: Ile never love till I injoy, or loſe



my time on her that's coy.

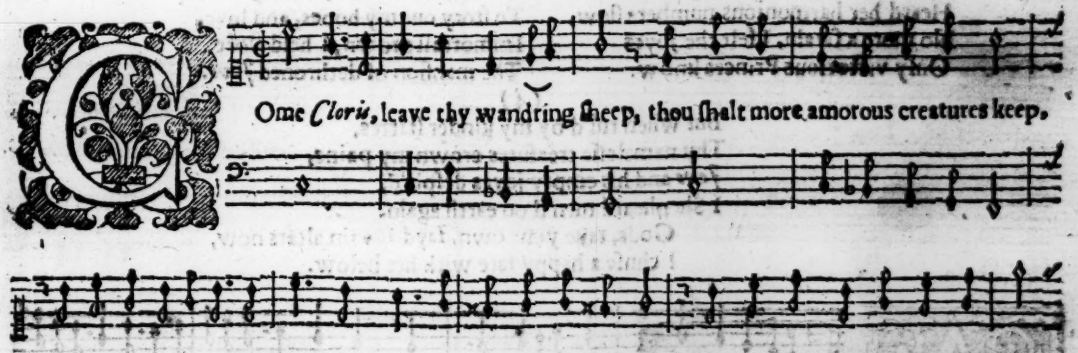
(2)

If Ladies call us to the field,
And all their colours there display,
Alasse, they needs must to us yeeld,
Since we are better arm'd then they;
Tis folly then to beg or whine
For us that are born Masculine.

(3)

Then Lovers learn your strength to know,
And you may overcome with ease,
Your enemy fights with a Bow
That cannot wound unlesse you please,
And he that pines because shee's coy,
Wants wit, or courage, women say.

(2)



Come *Cloris*, leave thy wandring sheep, thou shalt more amorous creatures keep,

and be the only envi'd dame, that moves upon this grassie frame: for thou shalt hearts of *Cupids* have,

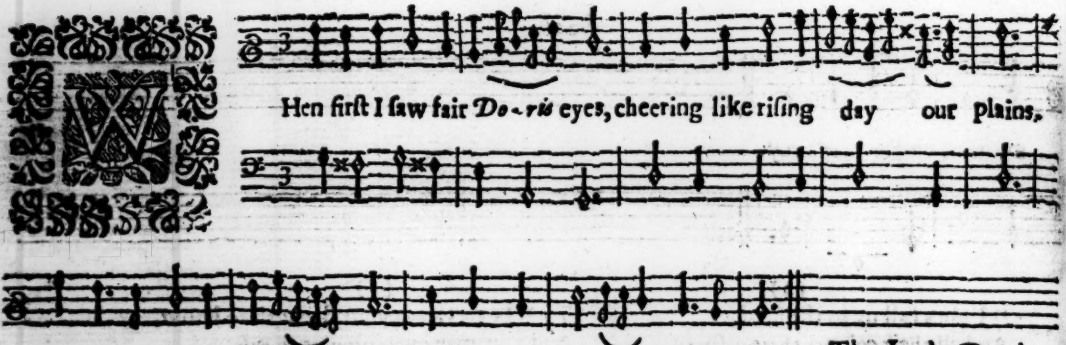
and love and I will be thy slave.

(2)

Nymphs, Satyrs, and the Sylvian Fawns,
Shall leave the woods and narrow Lawns,
To wait on *Cloris*, and adore
Their *Cytherea*, now no more
The name of *Cloris* shall create
A servitude in every state.

(3)

In yonder Mertill grove wee'le dwell
With more content then tongue can tell,
Where hungry Moules shall not affright
Thy tender Lambs, or thee by night:
There we the wanton theeves will play,
And steale each others hearts away.



The Lady *Deerings* Composing.

(2)

More blessed yet when my rude eare
Heard her harmonious numbers flow,
No more a swain, I felt the joyes
Only victorious Princes know.

(3)

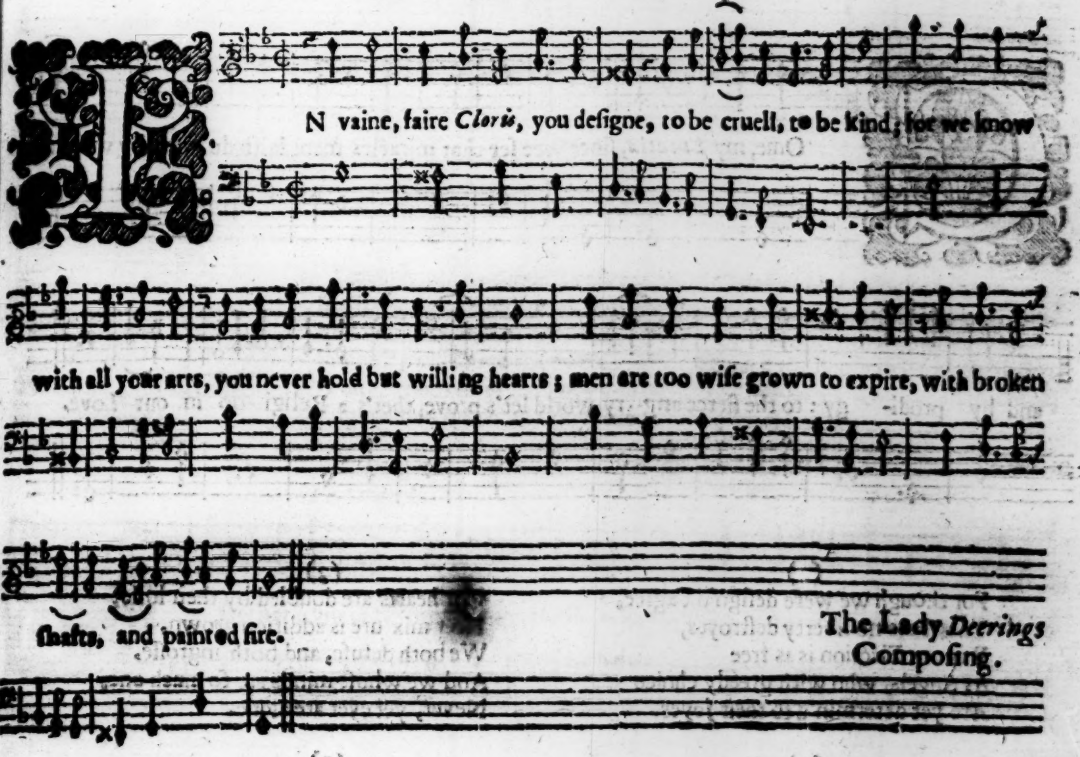
Since which alowd, on thy free lip
To story out my hopes, and love,
Immortall grown, I held aloft
The mansion of dethroned *Jove*.

(4)

But when rul'd by my kinder starres,
Thy nameless treasures crown my paine,
Jove and his empty joyes despis'd,
I Shepheard turn'd on earth again.
Gods, take your own, sayd I, vain altars now,
I chuse a happy fate with her below.

The Lady *Deerings* Composing.

A falſe deſigne to be cruell.



(2)

And if among a thouſand ſwains
Some one of Love, or fate complains,
And all the ſtars in heav'n deſie,
With Clorà's lip, or Celia's eye:
'Tis not their love the youth would chuſe,
But the glory to refuſe.

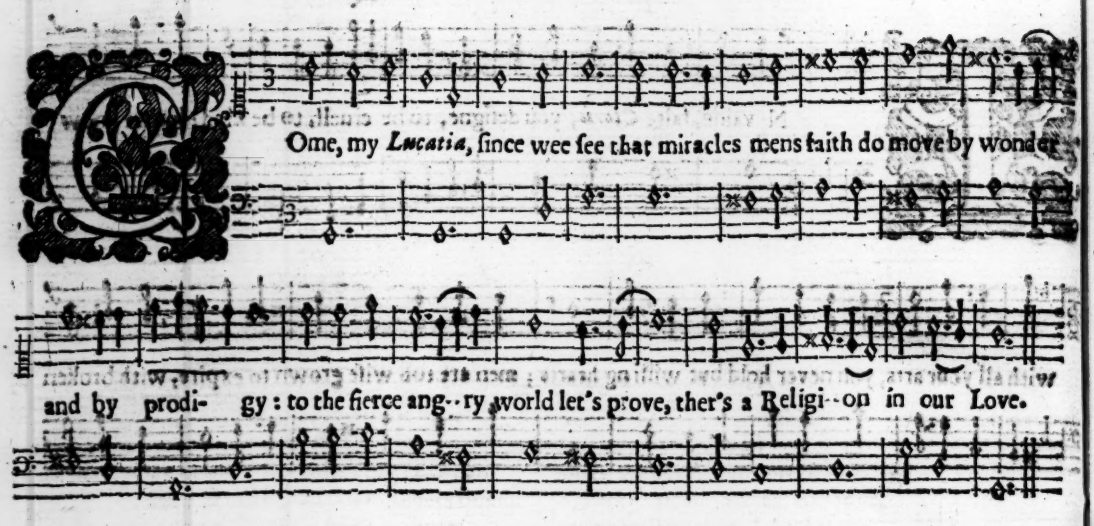
(3)

Then wiſely make your prize of thoſe
Want wit, or courage to oppoſe,
But tempt not me that can diſcover
What will redeeme the fondeſt Lover,
And flie the liſt, leſt it appear,
Your pow'r is meaſur'd by our fear.

(4)

So the rude wave ſecurely ſhocks
The yeelding Bark, but the ſtiffe rocks
If it attempt, how ſoon again
Broke and diſſolv'd it fills the Main:
It ſoame and roare, but we deride
Alike its weakneſs, and its pride.

Mutuall Affection betweene *Orinda* and *Lucatia*.



(2)

For though we were design'd t'agree,
That Fate no liberty destroyes,
But our election is as free
As Angels, who with greedy choice
Are yet determin'd to their joyes.

(3)

Our hearts are doubled by their losse,
Their mixture is addition grown,
We both defuse, and both ingrosse,
And we whose minds are so much one,
Never, yet ever are alone.

(4)

We court our owne captivity,
Then Thrones more great and innocent,
T'were banishment to be set free,
When we wear fetters whose intent
Not bondage is, but ornament.

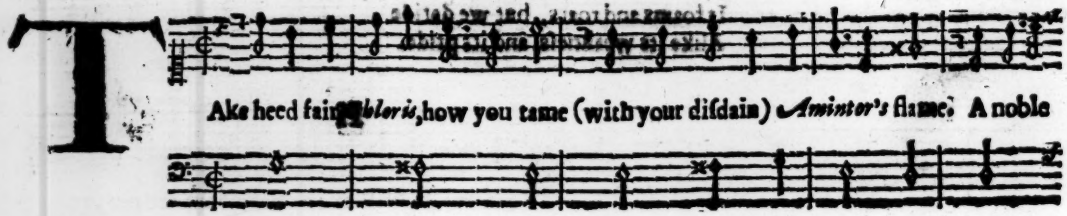
(5)

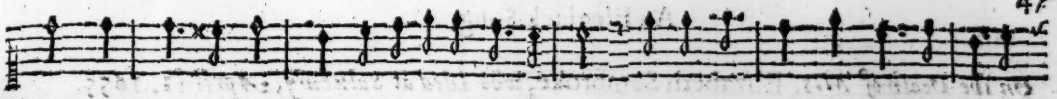
Divided joyes are tedious found,
And griefs united easier grow,
We are our selves but by rebound,
And all our titles shar'd so,
Both Princes, and both Subjects owe.

(6)

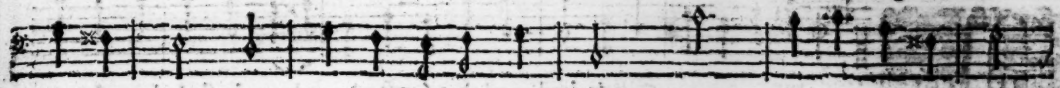
Our hearts are mutuall victims layd,
Which they (such pow'r in friendship lies)
Are Altars, Priests, and Offrings made,
And each heart which thus kindly dies,
Graces deathlesse by the sacrifice.

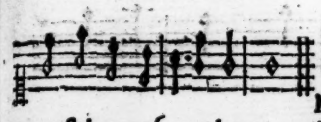
Disdaine.





heart, when once delpis'd, ſwels unto ſuch a height of pride, 'twill rather burſt then deigne to bee a





worſhipper of cruel-ty.

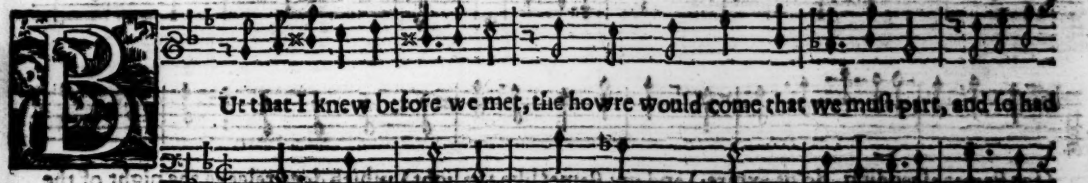
(2)

You may uſe common ſhepherds ſo,
My flames at laſt to ſtorms will grow,
And blow ſuch ſcorn upon thy pride,
Will blaſt all I have magnifi'd:
You are not fair when Love you lack,
Ingratitude makes all things black.

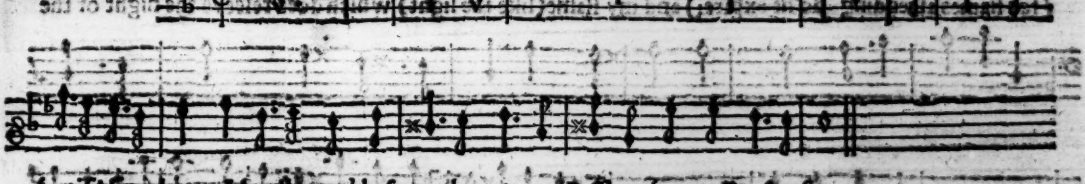
(3)

O doe not for a flock of ſheep,
A golden ſhowr when as you ſleep,
Or for the tales ambition tells,
Forſake the houſe wher honor dwels
In *Damons* palace you'l nee'r ſhine,
So bright as in theſe arms of mine.

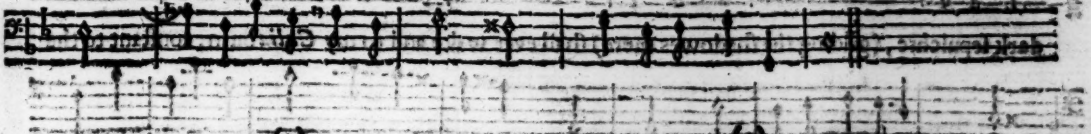
Parting.



But that I knew before we met, the howre would come that we muſt part, and ſo had



fortifi'd my heart, I hardly could eſcape the net, my Paſſions for my Reaſon ſet.



(2)

But why ſhould Reaſon hope to win
A Victory that's ſo unkind,
And ſo unwelcome to my mind,
To yeeld is neyther ſhame nor ſin,
Beſieg'd without, betray'd within.

(3)

But Friends ne're part (to ſpeak aright)
For who's but going is not gone;
Friends like the Sun muſt ſtill move on,
And when they ſeem moſt out of ſight,
Their abſence makes at moſt but night.

(4)

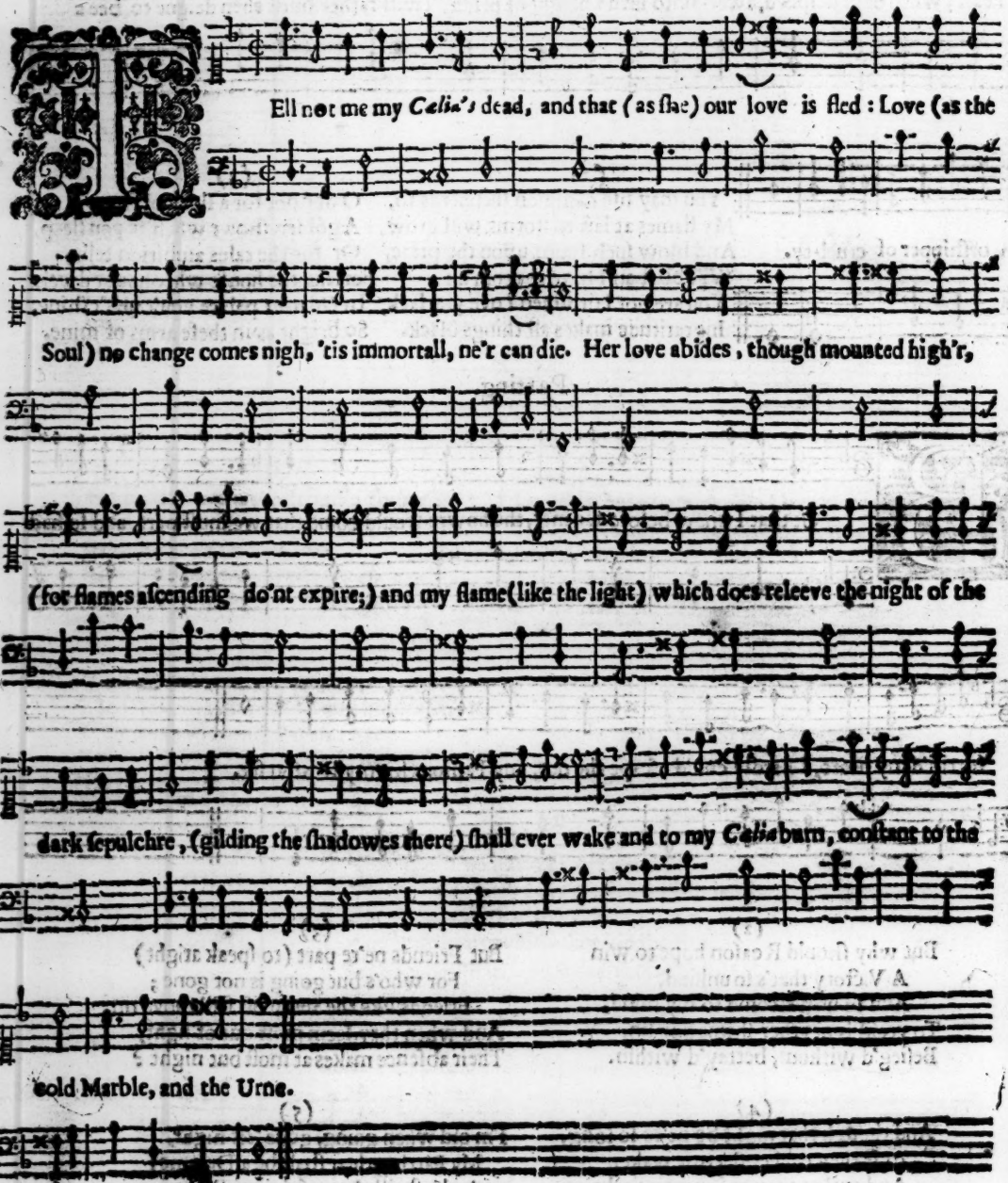
And though that night be ne're ſo long,
In it they eyther ſleep or wake,
And eyther way enjoyments take,
In Dreams or Viſions which belong
Thoſe to the old, theſe to the yong.

(5)

I'm old when going, gone 'tis night,
My Parting then ſhall be a Dreame:
And laſt till the auſpicious Beame
Of our next meeting gives new light,
And the beſt Viſion that's your ſight.

An Elegiack Song,

On the Death of Mrs. Elizabeth Sambroke, *who Died at Salisbury, April* 11. 1655.



On a Pint of Sack.

For two Voyces.

Old Poets Hipocrin admire, and pray to water to inſpire their wit and Muſe

Old Poets Hipocrin admire, and pray to water to inſpire their wit and Muſe

with heav'nly fire; had they this heav'nly fountain ſeen, Sacke both their well and Muſe had beene,

with heav'nly fire, had they this heav'nly fountaine ſeene, Sacke both their well and Muſe had been,

and this pint-pot their Hipocrin.

and this pint-pot their Hipocrin.

(2)

Had they truly diſcoverd it
They had like me thought it unfit
To pray to water for their wit,
And had ador'd Sack as divine,
And made a Poet God of Wine,
And this pint-pot had been a ſhrine.

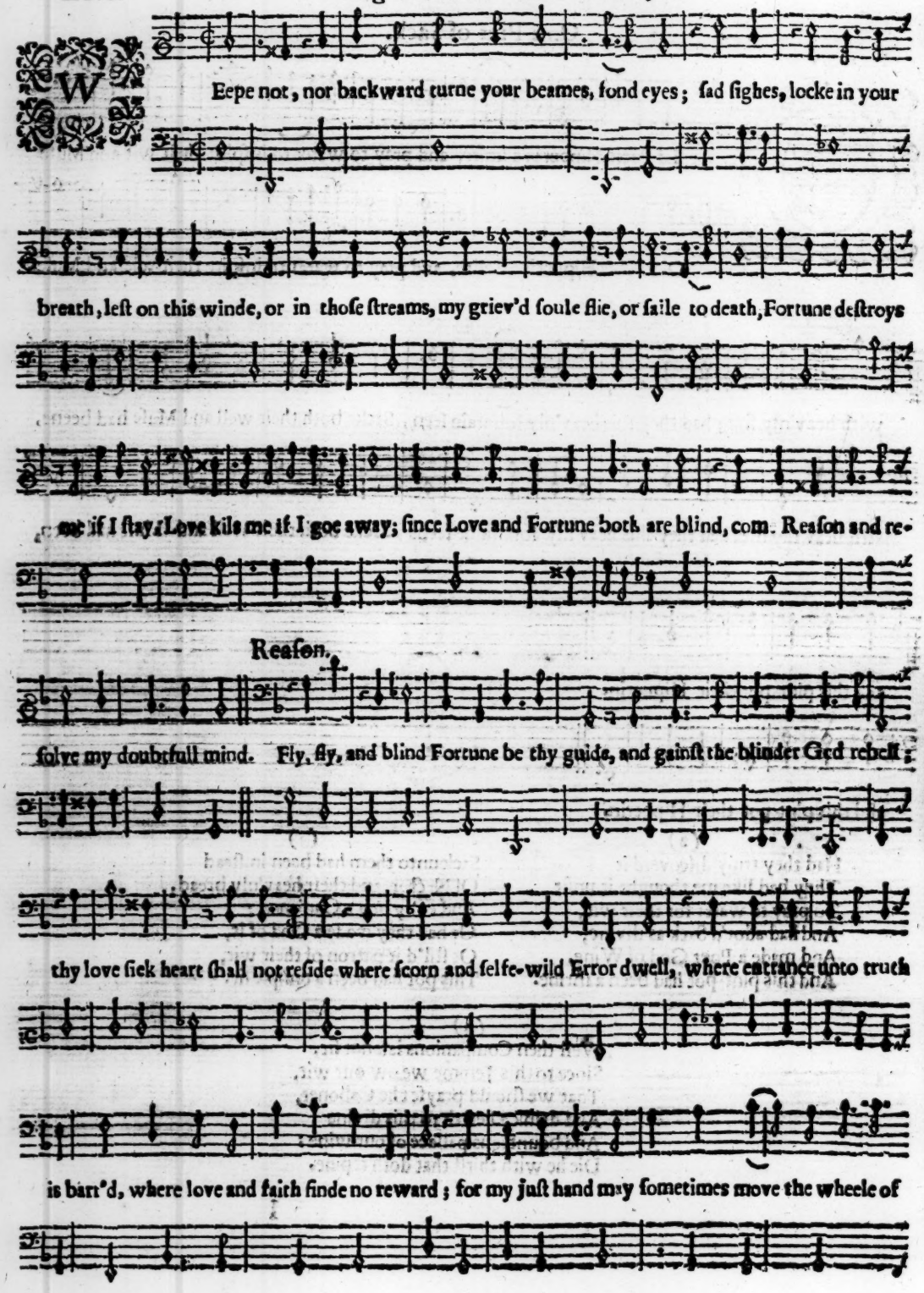
(3)

Sack unto them had been in ſtead
Of Nectar, and their heav'nly bread,
And ev'ry boy a Ganimed;
Or had they made a God of it,
Or ſtil'd it patron of their wit,
This pot had been a temple fit.

(4)

Well then Companions is't not fit,
Since to this Jemme we ow our wit,
That we ſhould prayſe the Cabonet,
And drink a health to this divine
And bounteous pallace of our wine;
Die he with thirſt that doth repine.

Love. *A Dialogue betwene a Lover and Reaſon.*



Cho:

Fortune, not the ſphere of Loue. Fly, fly, and blind Fortune bee thy guide, and gainſt the

Cho:

Fly, and blind Fortune bee thy guide, and gainſt the

blinder God rebell, thy love-ſick heart ſhall not reſide where ſcorn and ſelfe-willd Error dwell.

blinder God rebell, thy love-ſick heart ſhall not reſide where ſcorn and ſelfe-wild Error dwell.

A Dialogue between *Phillida* and *Coridon*.

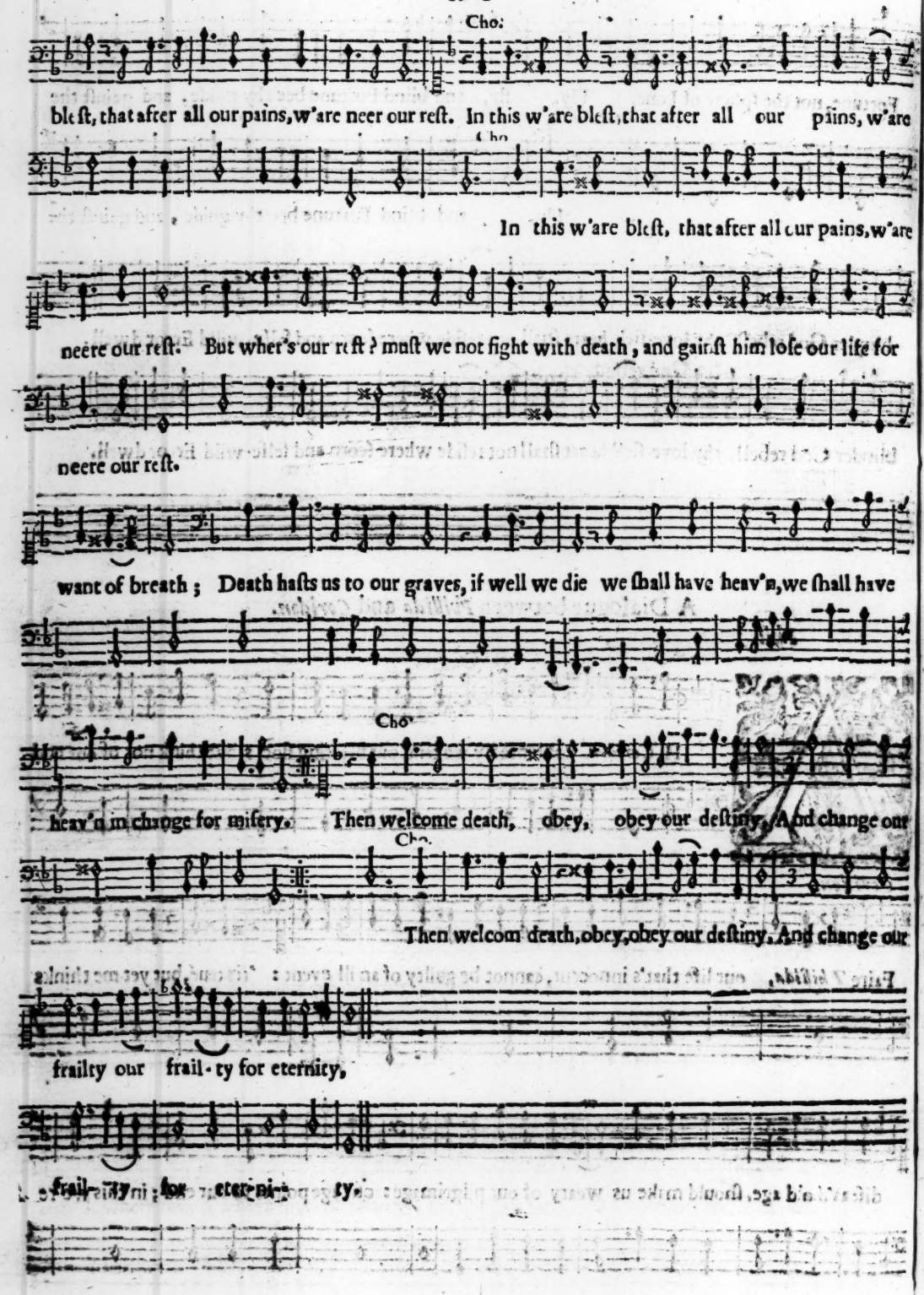
Phil.

AH, *Coridon*, contentedly we tend our bleating flocks, but think not of our end.

Coridon.

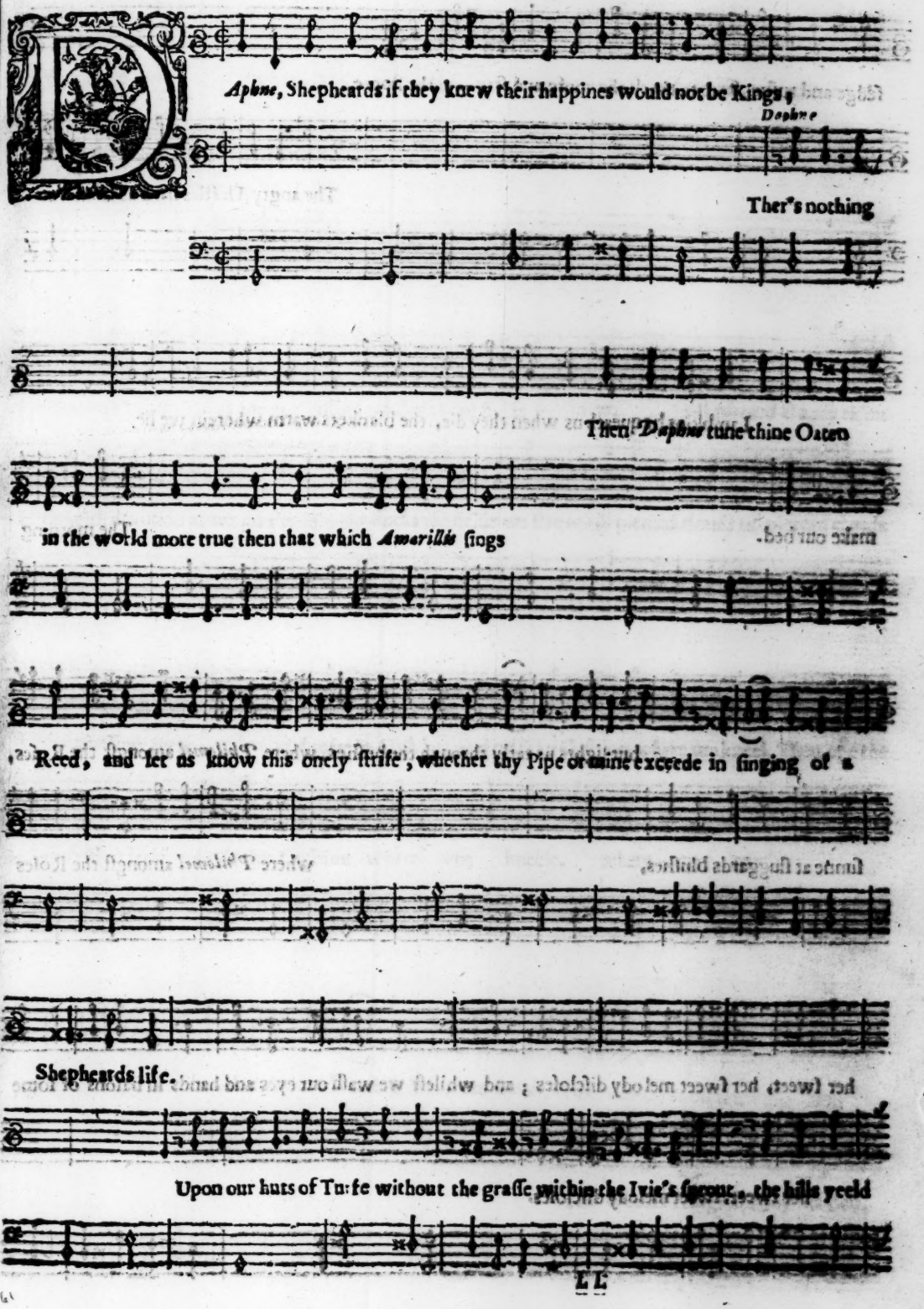
Faire *Phillida*, our life that's innocent, cannot be guilty of an ill event: 'tis true, but yet me thinks

diſeas'd old age, ſhould make us weary of our pilgrimage: our age points to our end; in this we're


Cho:
blest, that after all our pains, w'are neer our rest. In this w'are blest, that after all our pains, w'are
Cho
In this w'are blest, that after all our pains, w'are
neere our rest. But wher's our rest? must we not fight with death, and gainst him lose our life for
neere our rest.
want of breath; Death hasts us to our graves, if well we die we shall have heav'n, we shall have
Cho
heav'n in change for misery. Then welcome death, obey, obey our destiny, And change our
Cho.
Then welcom death, obey, obey our destiny. And change our
frailty our frail-ty for eternity,
frail-ty, for eterni-ty.

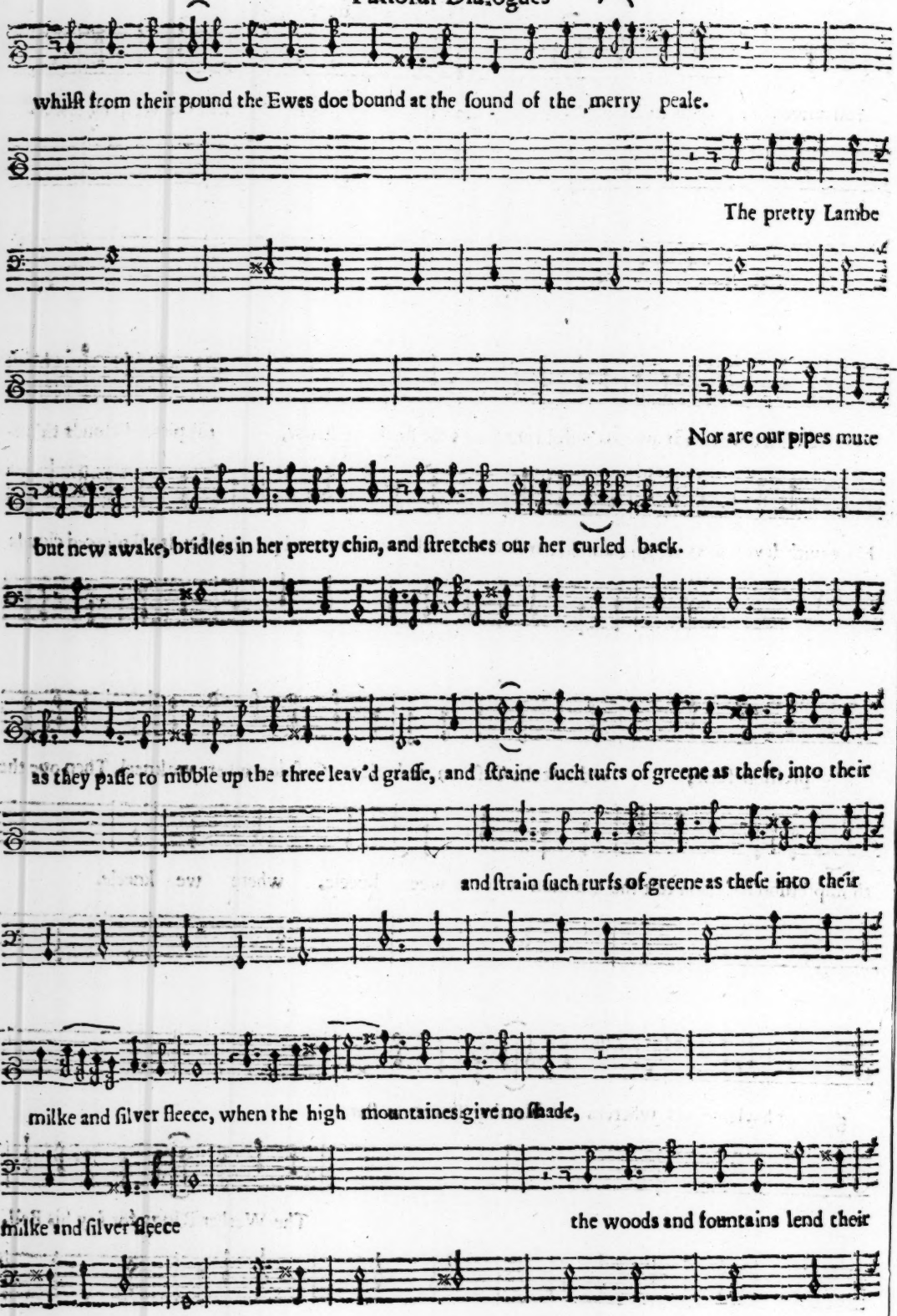
A Pastorall Dialogue between two Nymphs *Amarillis* and *Daphne*.

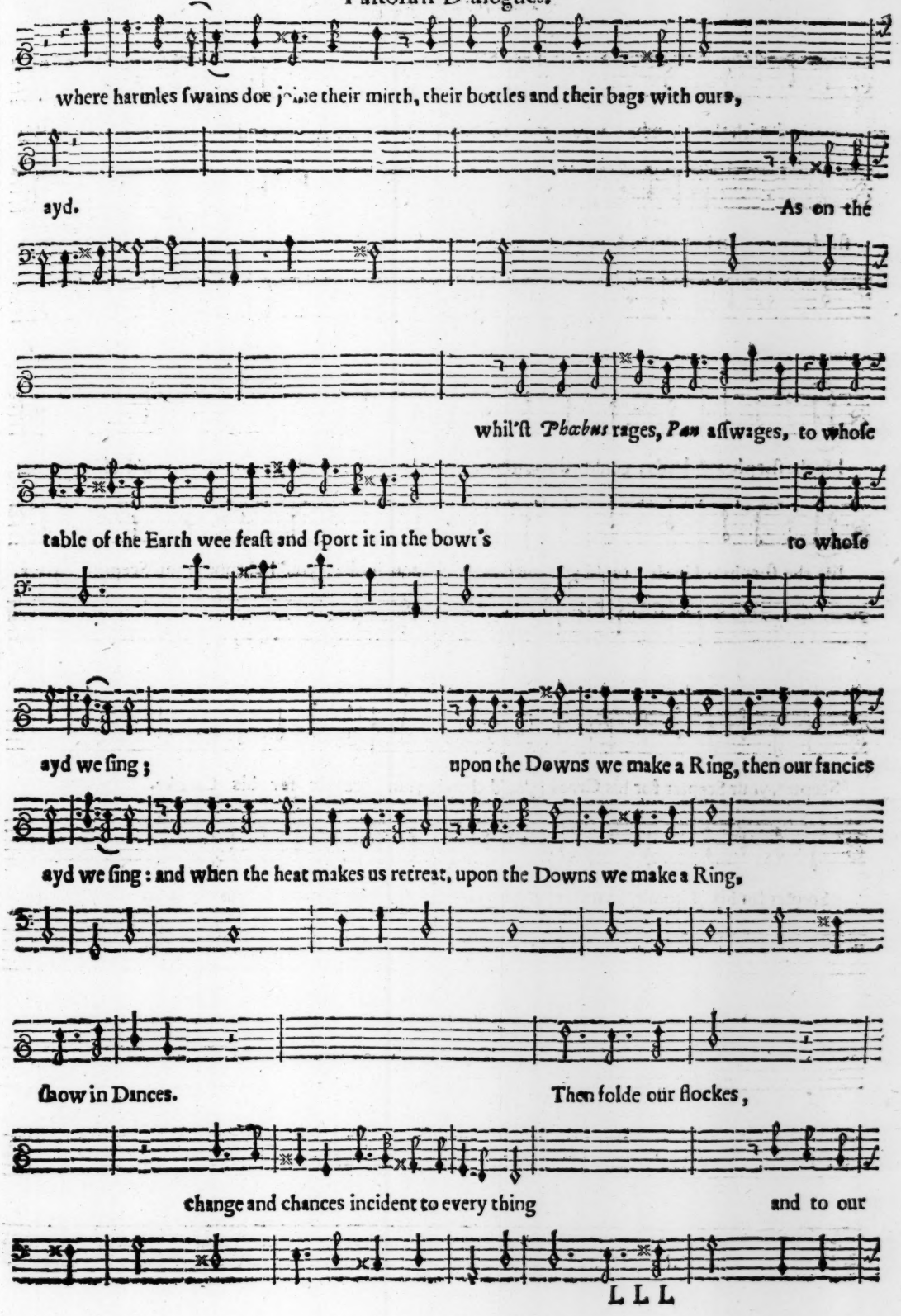
For 2. Trebles or Tenors.

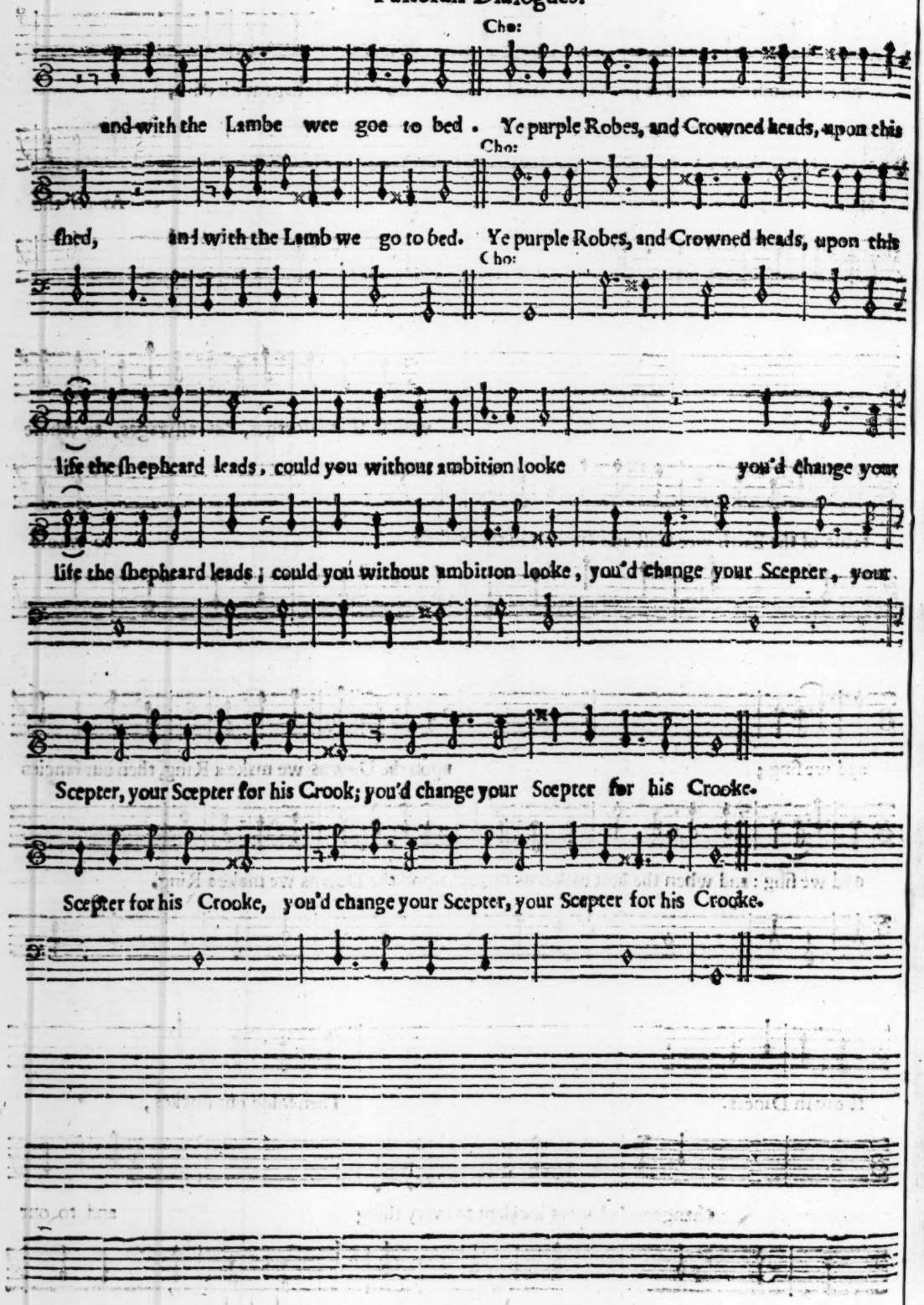


ſedge and ruſhes ſtore to thack the roofe and ſtre--- w the floore,
The angry Thiſtles ſhed us Down to
Lambkins bequeath us when they die, the blankets warm wherein we lie,
make our bed.
The morning
but lights us early through the buſhes, where *Philomel* amongſt the Roſes,
ſimne at ſluggards bluſhes,
where *Philomel* amongſt the Roſes
her ſweet, her ſweet melody diſcloſes ; and whileſt we waſh our eyes and hands in baſons of ſome
her ſweet, ſweet melody diſcloſes.

Fountaine pure, with melting Notes poore heart ſhee ſtands, as if ſhee held the weeping Ewer.
Hence with devotion as we go t'unfold our flocks the fields we ſtrow, till pierced clouds th'im-
Hence with devotion as we go t'unfold our flocks the fields we ſtrow. till pierced clouds till pierced clouds
preſſion feele, and tuft the Cuſhion, and tuft the Cuſhion where we kneel. Then ope the
th'impreſſion feele, and tuft the Cuſhion where wee kneele, where we kneele.
grate of hayle wands wherein our bleating Priſoners ſtand.
The Wether Rings for joy his Bell,

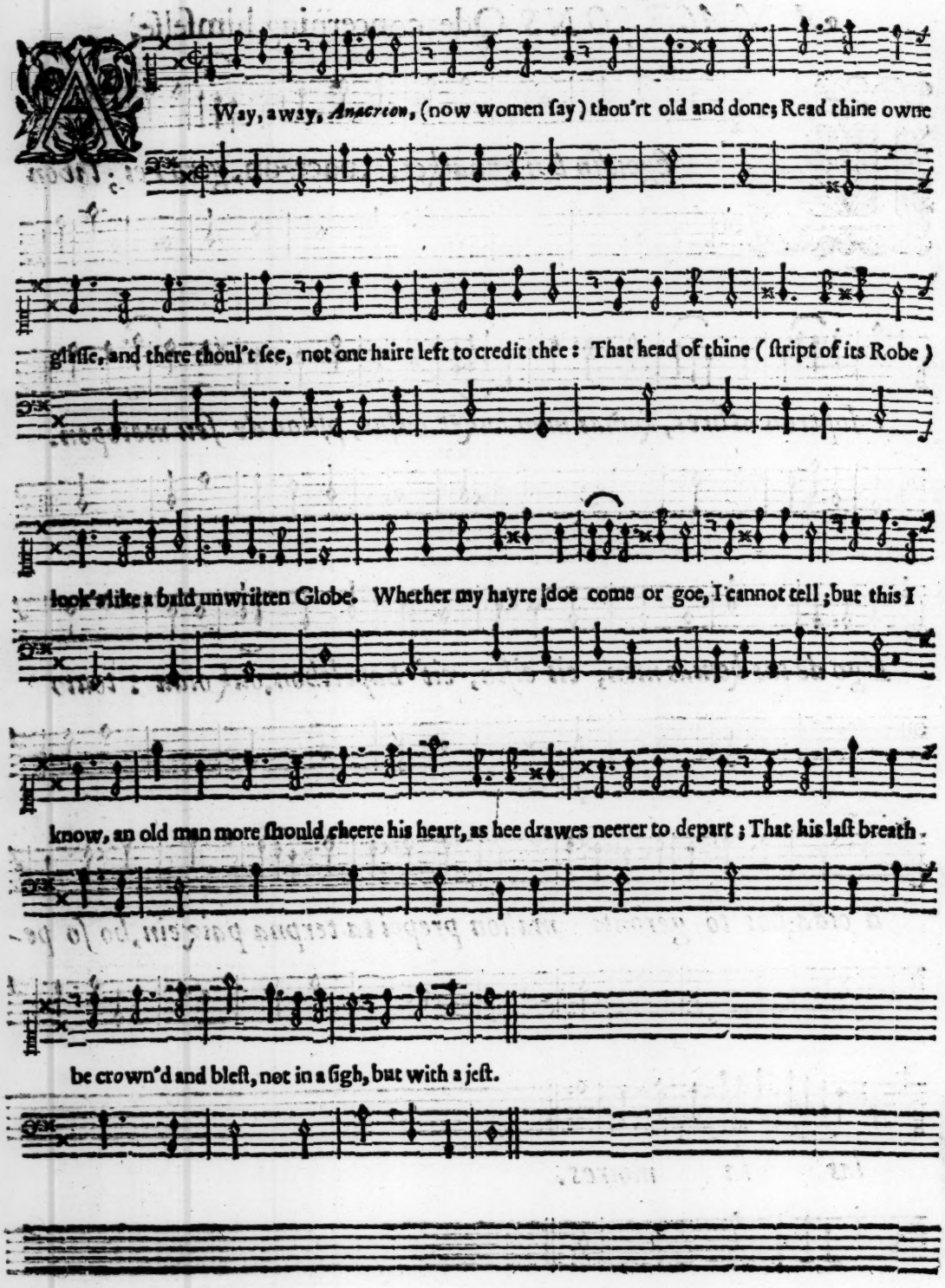

whilſt from their pound the Ewes doe bound at the ſound of the merry peale.
The pretty Lambe
Nor are our pipes mute
but new awake, bridles in her pretty chin, and ſtretches our her curled back.
as they paſſe to nibble up the three leav'd graſſe, and ſtraine ſuch tufts of greene as theſe, into their
and ſtrain ſuch turfs of greene as theſe into their
milke and ſilver fleece, when the high mountaines give no ſhade,
milke and ſilver fleece
the woods and fountains lend their

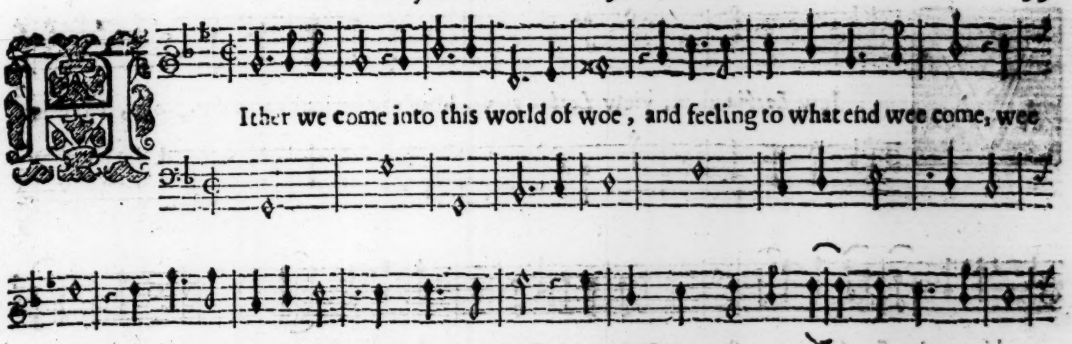

where harmles ſwains doe ioine their mirth, their bottles and their bags with ours,
ayd. As on the
whil'ſt *Phœbus* rages, *Pan* aſſwages, to whoſe
table of the Earth wee feaſt and ſport it in the bowr's to whoſe
ayd we ſing; upon the Downs we make a Ring, then our fancies
ayd we ſing: and when the heat makes us retreat, upon the Downs we make a Ring,
ſhow in Dances. Then folde our flockes,
change and chances incident to every thing and to our
L L L

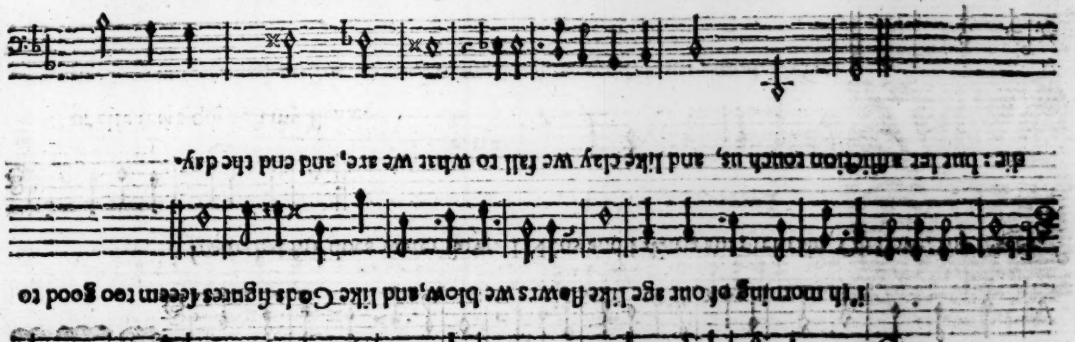

Cho:
and with the Lambe wee goe to bed. Ye purple Robes, and Crowned heads, upon this
Cho:
fhed, and with the Lamb we go to bed. Ye purple Robes, and Crowned heads, upon this
Cho:
life the ſhepheard leads, could you without ambition looke you'd change your
life the ſhepheard leads; could you without ambition looke, you'd change your Scepter, your
Scepter, your Scepter for his Crook; you'd change your Scepter for his Crooke.
Scepter for his Crooke, you'd change your Scepter, your Scepter for his Crooke.

ANACREONS Ode concerning himſelfe.

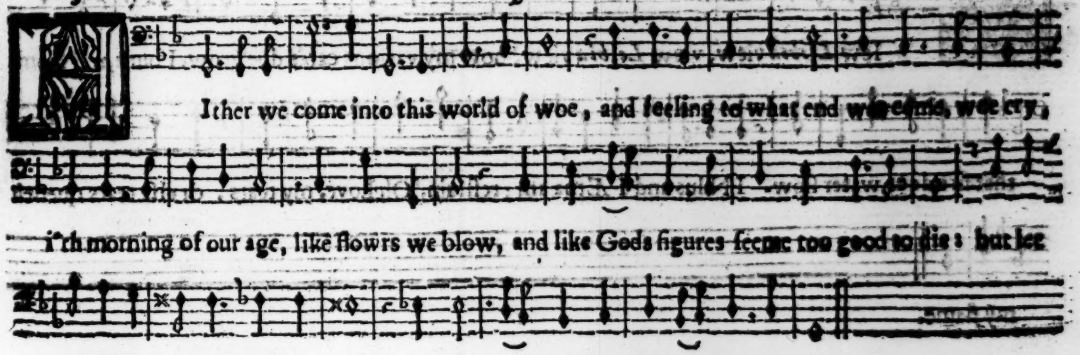
ANACREONS *Ode Engliſhed.*







a. 3. voc. Bassus.



Iew *Lesbia* view, view *Lesbia* view, how my various cares doe grow, I burne

and from that fire does water flow. I Nilus and I Ætna am; restrain, Oh Love, my tears, or else tears

quench my flame.

Cantus Secundus.

2. Voc.

Iew *Lesbia* view, view *Lesbia* view, how my various cares doe grow, I burne and

from that fire does water flow. I Nilus and I Ætna am; restrain, Oh Love, my tears, or else tears quench my flame.

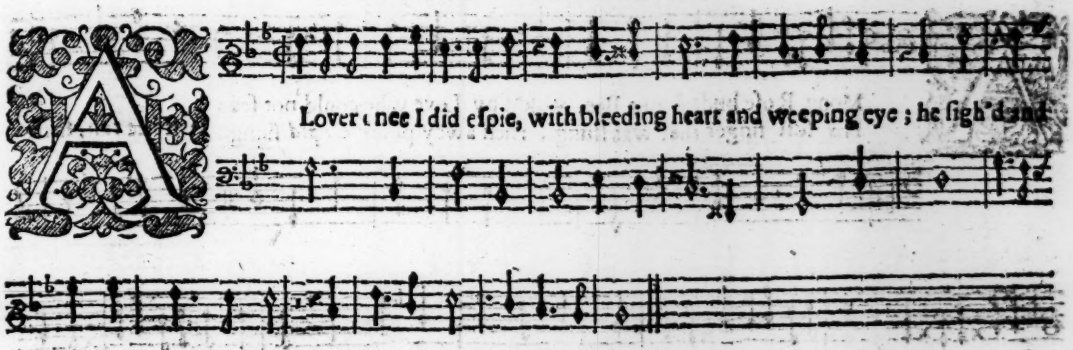
Bassus.

3. *Voc.*

Iew *Lesbia* view, view *Lesbia* view, how my various cares doe grow, I burn, and from

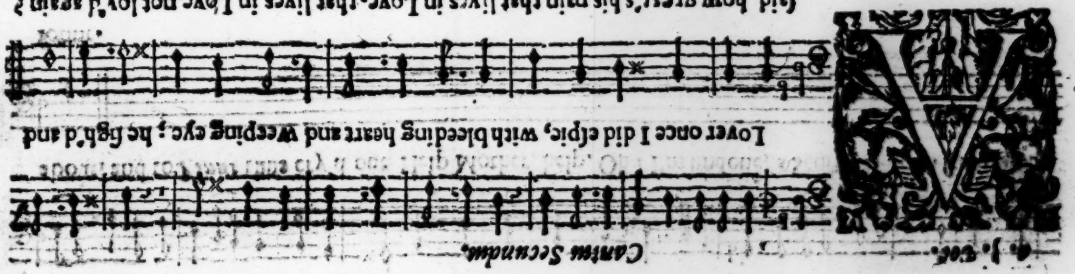
that fire does water flow. I Nilus and I Ætna am; restrain, Oh Love, my tears, or else tears quench

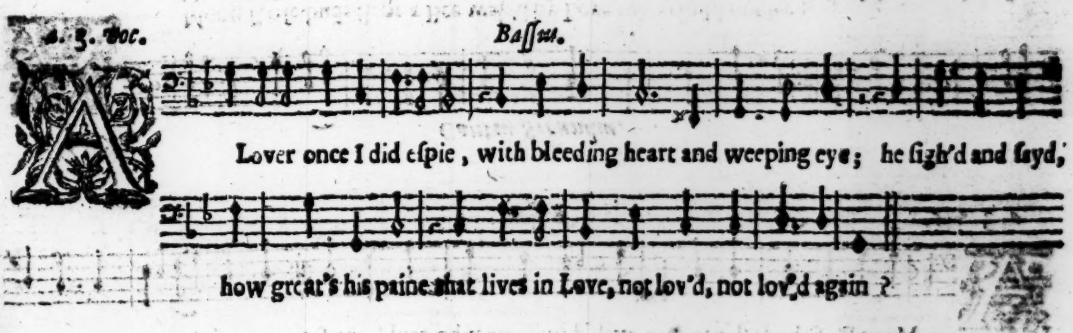
my flame.

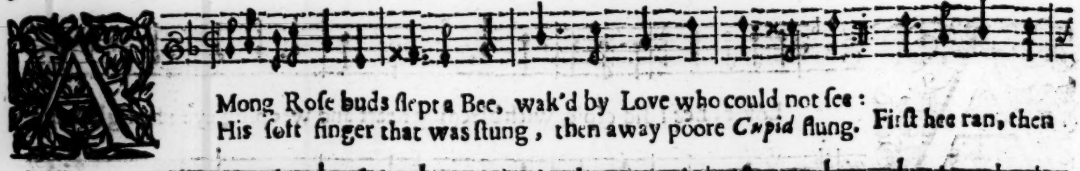


Can there (saith he) no cure be found,
But by the hand that gave the wound?
Then let me dye, which ile endure,
Since she wants charity to cure.

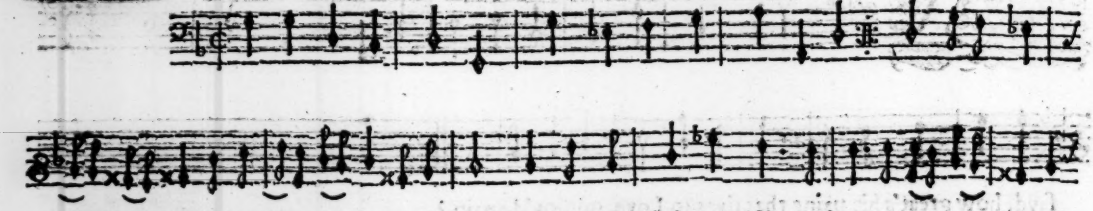
Yet let her one day feele the paine,
To wish sh' had lov'd but wish in vaine,
For withered cheekes may chance recover
Some sparks of Love, but not a Lover.







AMong Roſe buds ſlept a Bee, wak'd by Love who could not ſee:
His ſoft finger that was ſtung, then away poore *Cupid* flung. Firſt hee ran, then

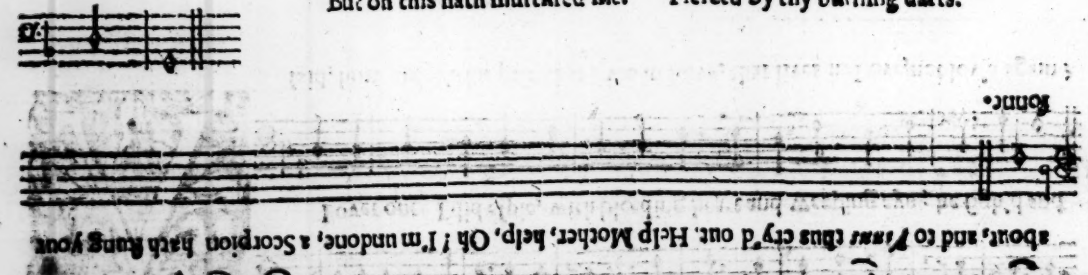


flew a bout, and to *Ven-us* thus cry'd out; Help, Mother help, oh! I'm undone, a Scorpi-on hath

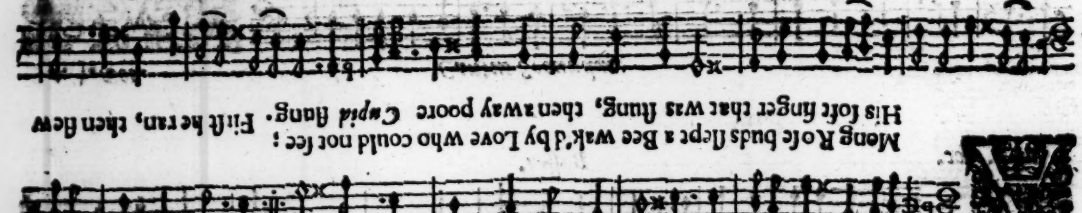
ſtung your ſon.

'Twas a Serpent, it could flie,
For 't had wings as well as I;
Country ſwains call this a Bee
But oh this hath murthred me.

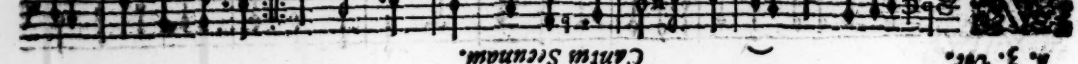
Sonne, ſayd *Venus*, if the ſting
Of a Flie ſuch torment bring,
Think, O think, on all thoſe hearts
Pierced by thy burning darts.



AMong Roſe buds ſlept a Bee, wak'd by Love who could not ſee;
His ſoft finger that was ſtung, then away poore *Cupid* ſtung. Firſt he ran, then flew



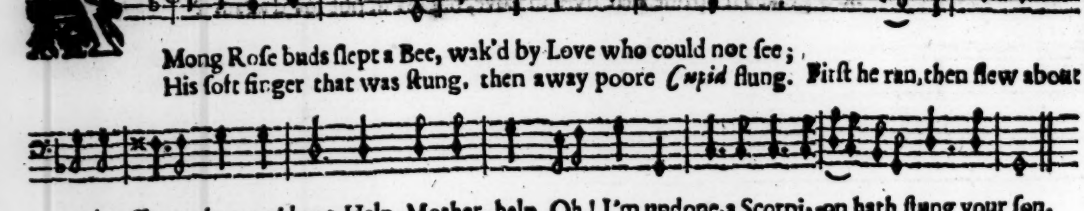
about, and to *Venus* thus cry'd out. Help Mother, help, Oh! I'm undone, a Scorpion hath ſtung your



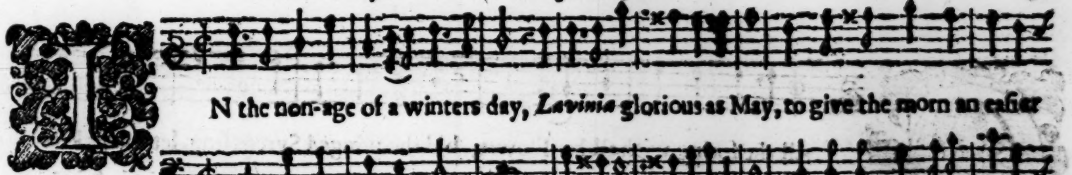
ſonne.

Cantus Secundus.

AMong Roſe buds ſlept a Bee, wak'd by Love who could not ſee;
His ſoft finger that was ſtung, then away poore *Cupid* ſtung. Firſt he ran, then flew about



and to *Venus* thus cry'd out, Help, Mother, help, Oh! I'm undone, a Scorpi-on hath ſtung your ſon.

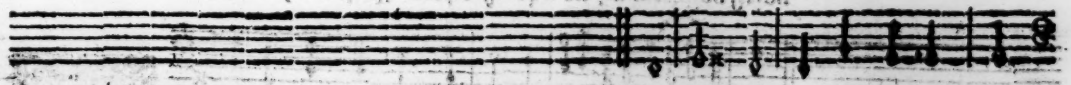


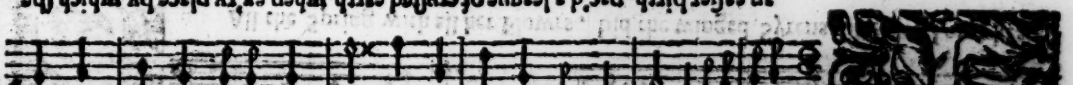
N the non-age of a winters day, *Lavinia* glorious as May, to give the morn an eaſier

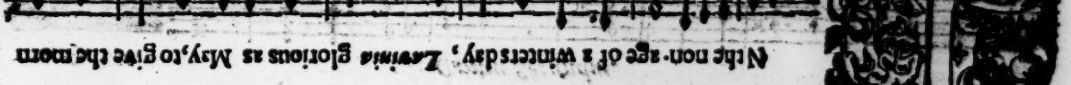
birth, pac'd a league of cruſted earth, where ev'ry place by which ſhe came, from her veins conceiv'd a

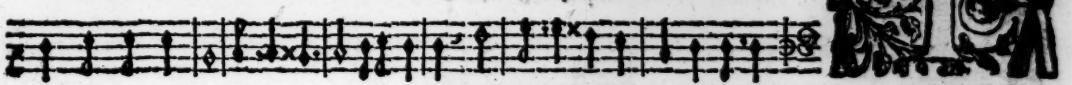
Flame.

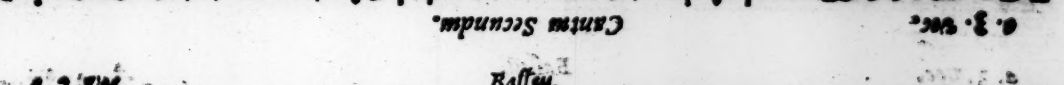
Lavinia ſtood amaz'd to ſee
Things of yeerly conſtancy
Thus to rebell againſt their ſeaſon,
And though a ſtranger to the reaſon,
Back returning quench'd the heat
And winter kept its former ſeat.

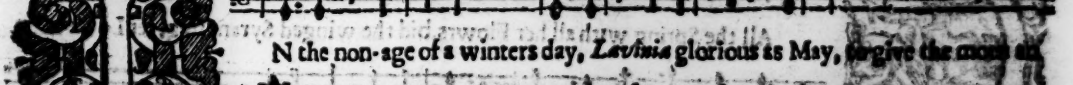


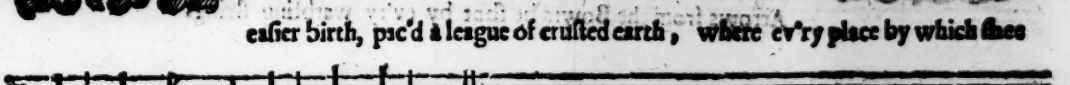


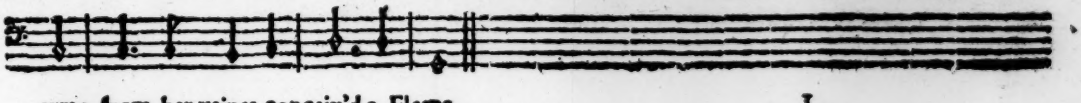


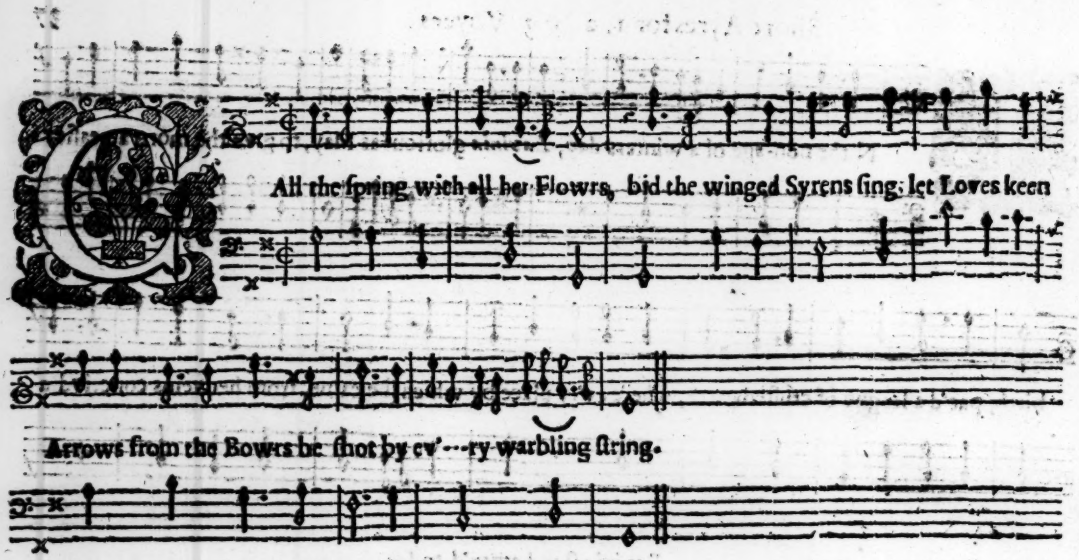




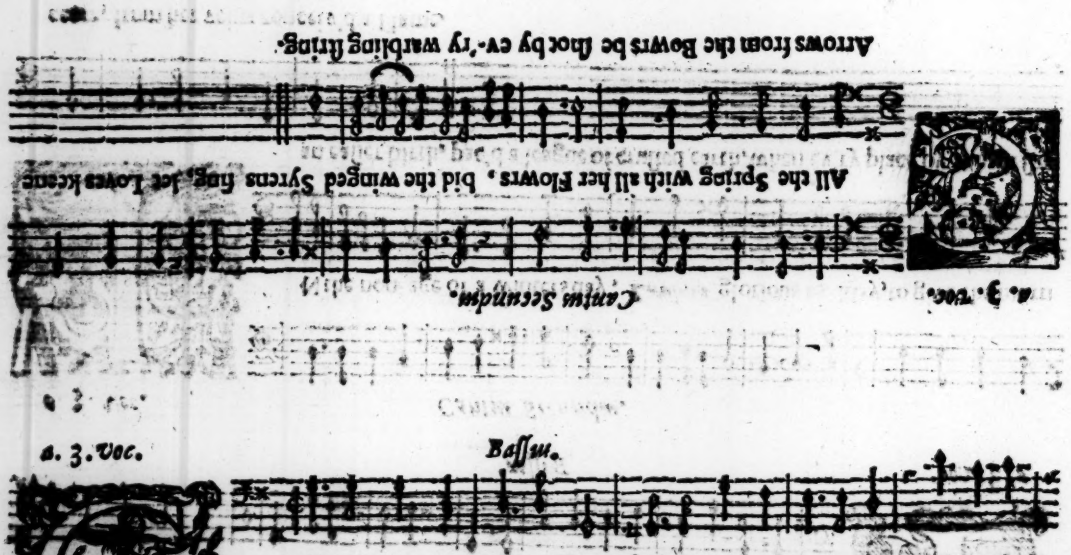




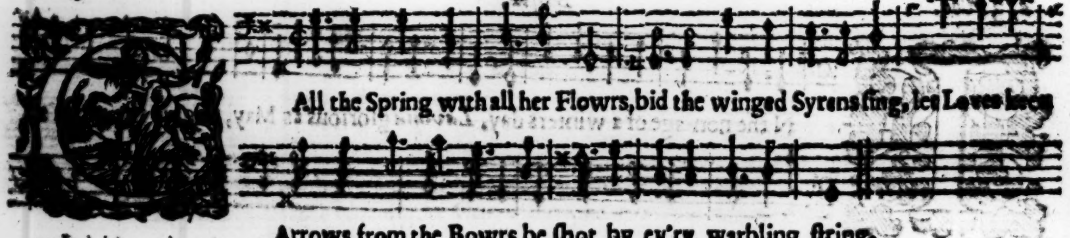


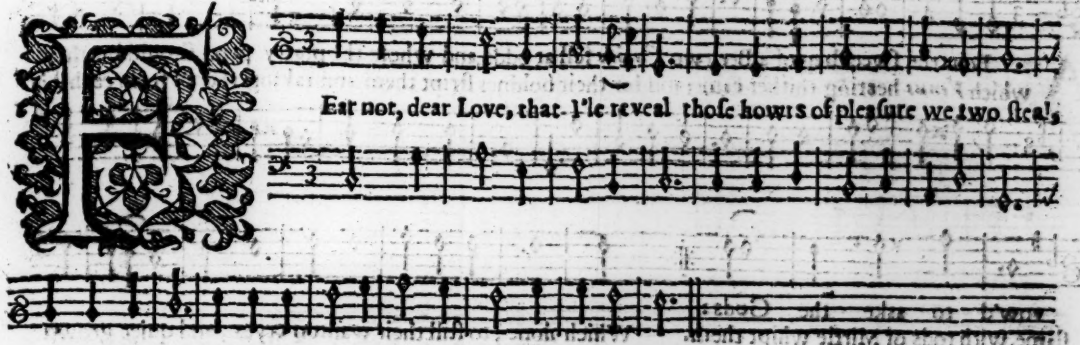


My *Amarillis* never drew
Her ſhining dart and ſounding Bow,
But then as many graces flew,
And yet ſhe is a field'd of ſnow.



a. 3. Voc. *Baſſus.*





(2)

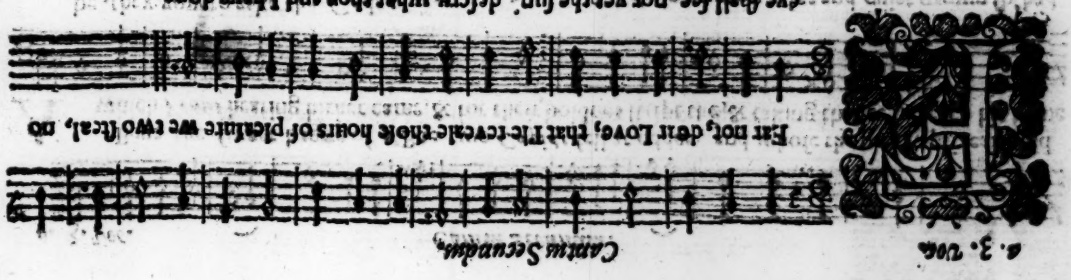
No ear shall hear our Love, but we
As silent as the night will be,
The God of Love himselfe, (whose dart
Did first wound mine, and then thy heart.)

(3)

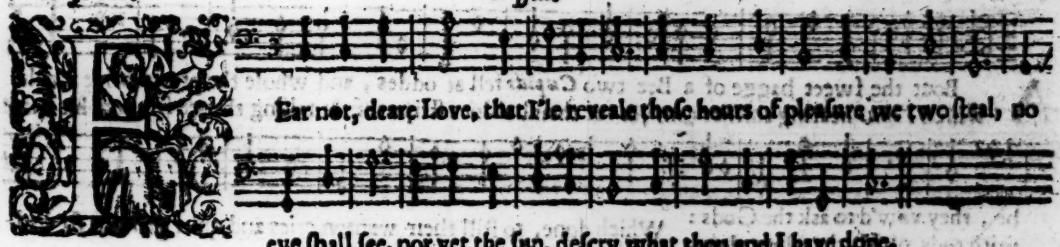
Shall never know that we can tell,
What sweets in stolne embraces dwell;
This only means may find it out,
If when I die, Physitians doubt

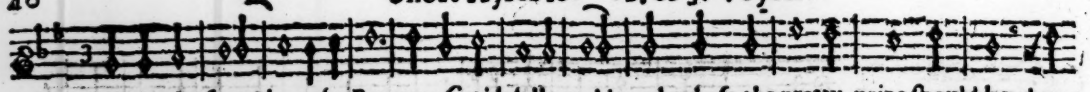
(4)

What caus'd my death, and then to view
Of all their judgements which was true;
Rip up my heart, O then I fear
The world will see thy picture there.

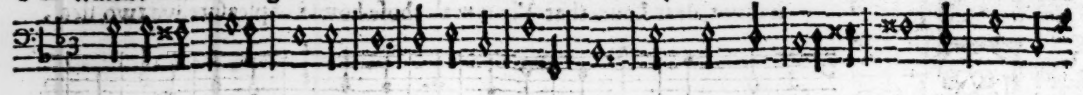


a. 3. Voc. Bassus.



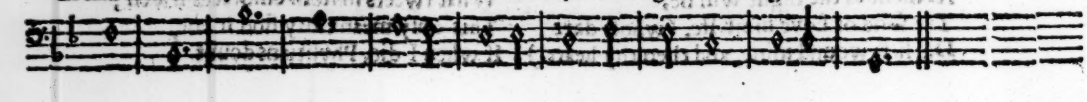


ABout the ſweet bag of a Bee, two *Cupids* fell at odds, and whoſe the pretty prize ſhould be, they
which *Venus* hearing thither came; and for their boldnes ſtript them, and taking thence from each his

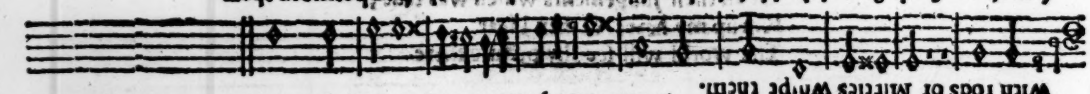


vow'd to aske the Gods:
flame, with rods of Mirtle whipt them. Which done, to ſtill their wanton cryes, and quiet grown

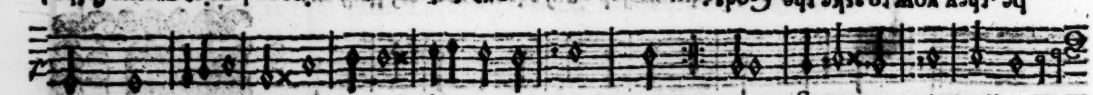
ſh'had ſeen them, ſhe kiſt and dri'd their dovelike eyes, and gave the bag between them.



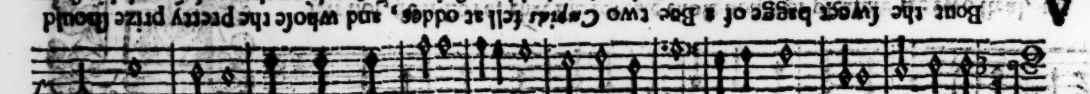
ſeen them, ſhe kiſt and dry'd their dove like eyes, and gave the bag between them.



be, they vow'd to aske the Gods: Which done, to ſtill their wanton cries and quiet grown ſh'had
with rods of Mirtles whipt them.

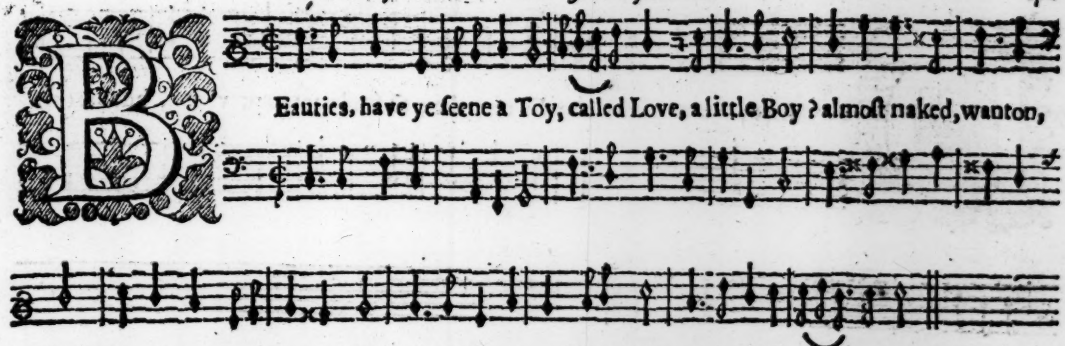


ABout the ſweet bagge of a Bee two *Cupids* fell at odds, and whoſe the pretty prize ſhould
which *Venus* hearing thither came, & for their boldnes ſtripe thē, & taking thence frō each his flame



be, they vow'd to ask the Gods: Which done, to ſtill their wanton cries and quiet growne ſh' had
with rods of Mirtle whipt them.

ſeeg them, ſhe kiſt and dry'd their dove like eyes, and gave the bag between them.



Beauties, have ye seene a Toy, called Love, a little Boy? almost naked, wanton,

blind, cruell now, and then as kind: If he be amongst you, say, he is *Venus* run away.

(1) She that will but now discover
Where this winged wag doth hover,
Shall to night receive a kisse,
How, or where her selfe would wish;
But who brings him to his mother,
shall have that kisse and another.

(2) He doth beare a golden bow,
And a quiver hanging low,
Full of Arrowes that outbrave
Dians shafts; what if he have
Any head more sharp then other?
With that kisse he strikes his mother.

(3) Marks he hath about him plenty,
You shall know him among twenty;
All his body is a fire,
And his breath a flame entire,
That brings shot (like lightning) in
Wounds the heart, but not the skin.

(4) Wings he hath which though ye clip,
He will leap from lip to lip,
Over liver, lips, and heart,
But nee'r stay in any part:
And if chance his arrow misses,
He will shoot himselfe in kisses.

(5) He doth beare a golden bow,
And a quiver hanging low,
Full of Arrowes that outbrave
Dians shafts; what if he have
Any head more sharp then other?
With that kisse he strikes his mother.

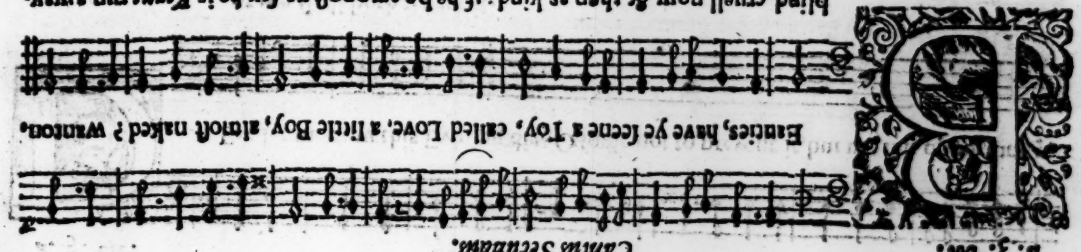
(6) Still the faire'st are his fuell,
When his daies are to be cruell,
Lovers hearts are all his food,
And his baths their warmest blood,
Nought but wounds his hands doth season.
And he hates none like to reason.

(7) Trust him not, his words though sweet,
Seldom with his heart do meet;
All his practise is deceit,
Ev'ry gift it is a bait,
Not a kisse but poyson bears,
And most treason in his tears.

(8) Idle minutes are his reigne,
Them the stragler makes his gaine,
By presenting Mayds with toyes.
And would have ye think 'em joyes;
'Tis th'ambition of the Elfe,
To have all childish as himselfe.

(9) If by these ye please to know him,
Beauties be not nice, but show him,
Though ye had a will to hide him,
Now I hope yee'l not abide him:
Since ye hear his falser play,
And that hee's Venus run away.

blind, cruell now, & then as kind; if he be amongſt ye, say, he is *Venus* run away.



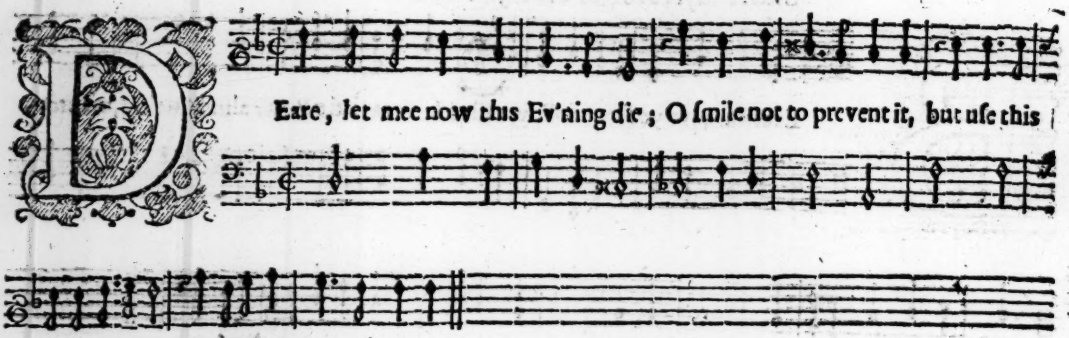
Beauties, have ye seene a Toy, called Love, a little Boy, almost naked? wanton.

Cantus Secundus. *a. 3. Voc.*

a. 3. Voc. *Bassus.*

Beauties, have ye seen a Toy called Love, a little Boy? almost naked, wanton, blinde

cruell now, and then as kind: If he be amongst ye, say, he is *Venus* run away.



opportunity, or we ſhall both repent it.

(2)

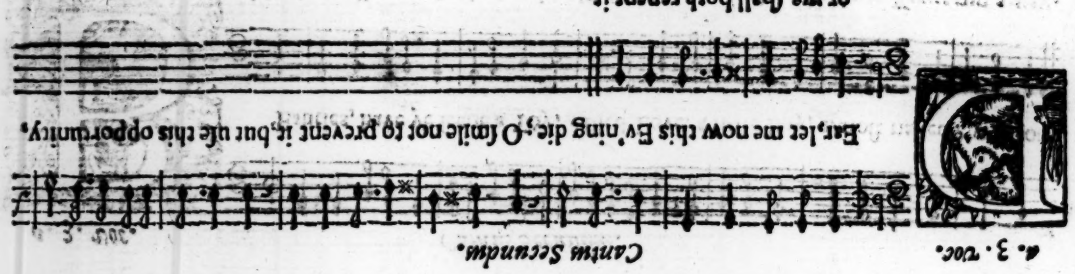
Frown quickly then and break my heart,
That ſo my way of dying
May (though my life were full of ſmart)
Be worth the worlds envying.

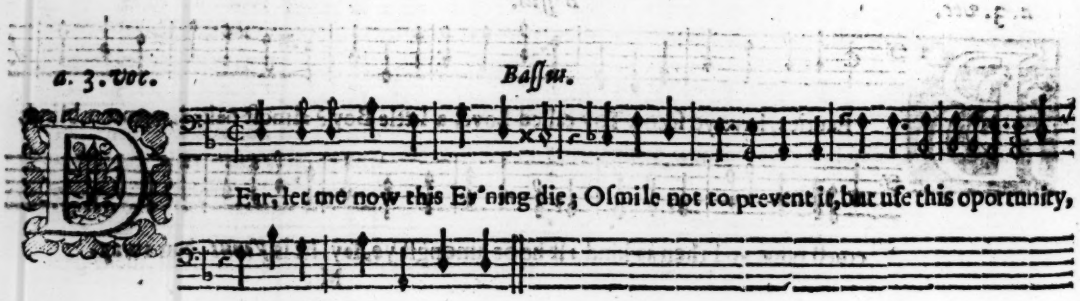
(3)

And now thou frownſt, and now I die,
My Corps by Lovers follow'd,
Which ſhall by dead Lovers lie,
For that grounds only hallow'd.

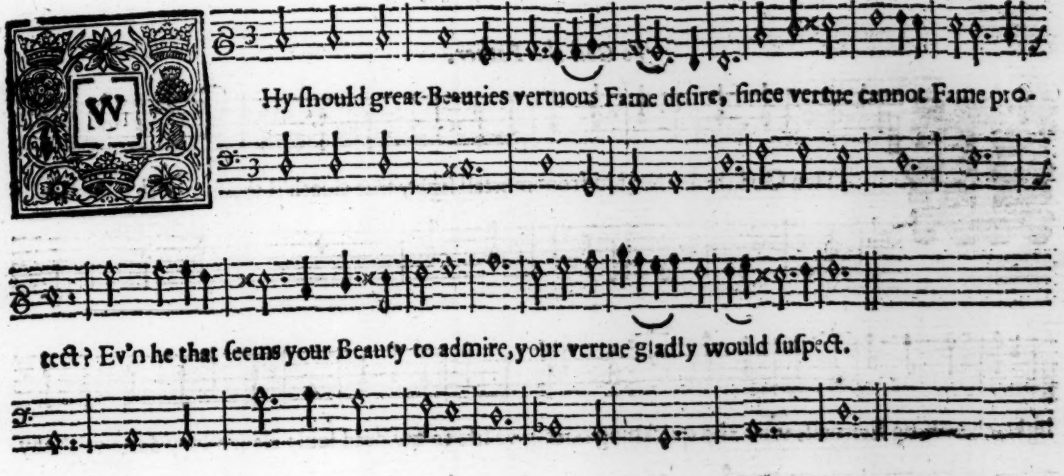
(4)

If Prieſts tak't ill I have grave,
My death not well approving,
The Poets my Eſtate ſhall have
To teach them th'Art of Loving.



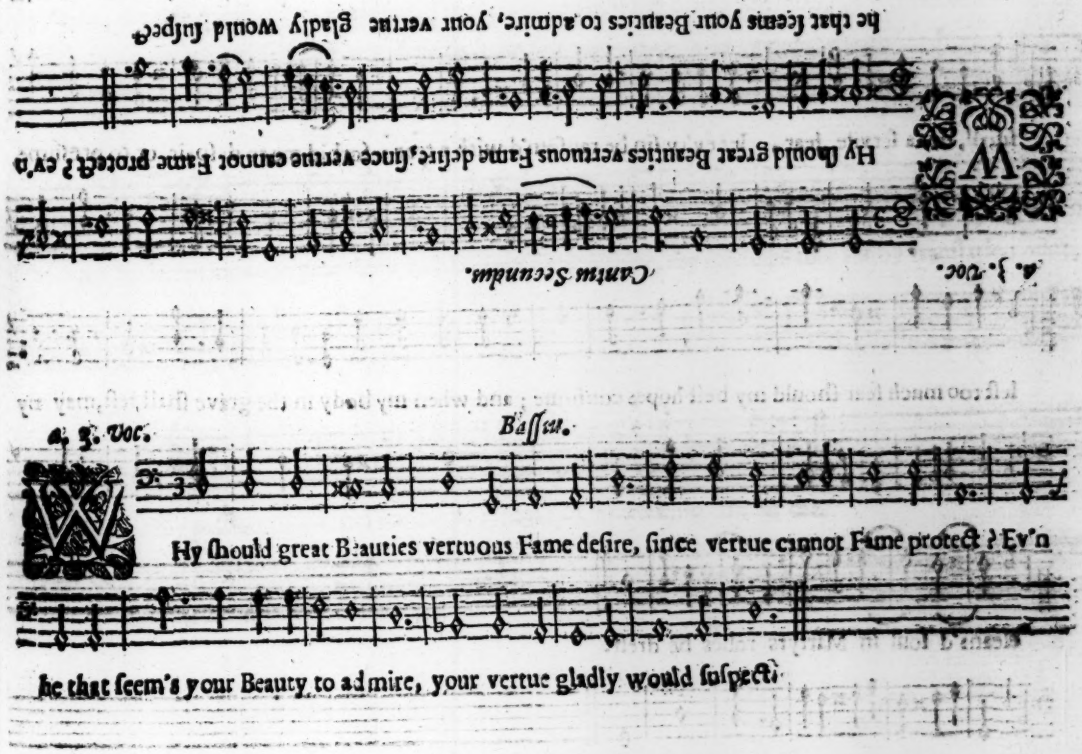


or we ſhall both repent it.

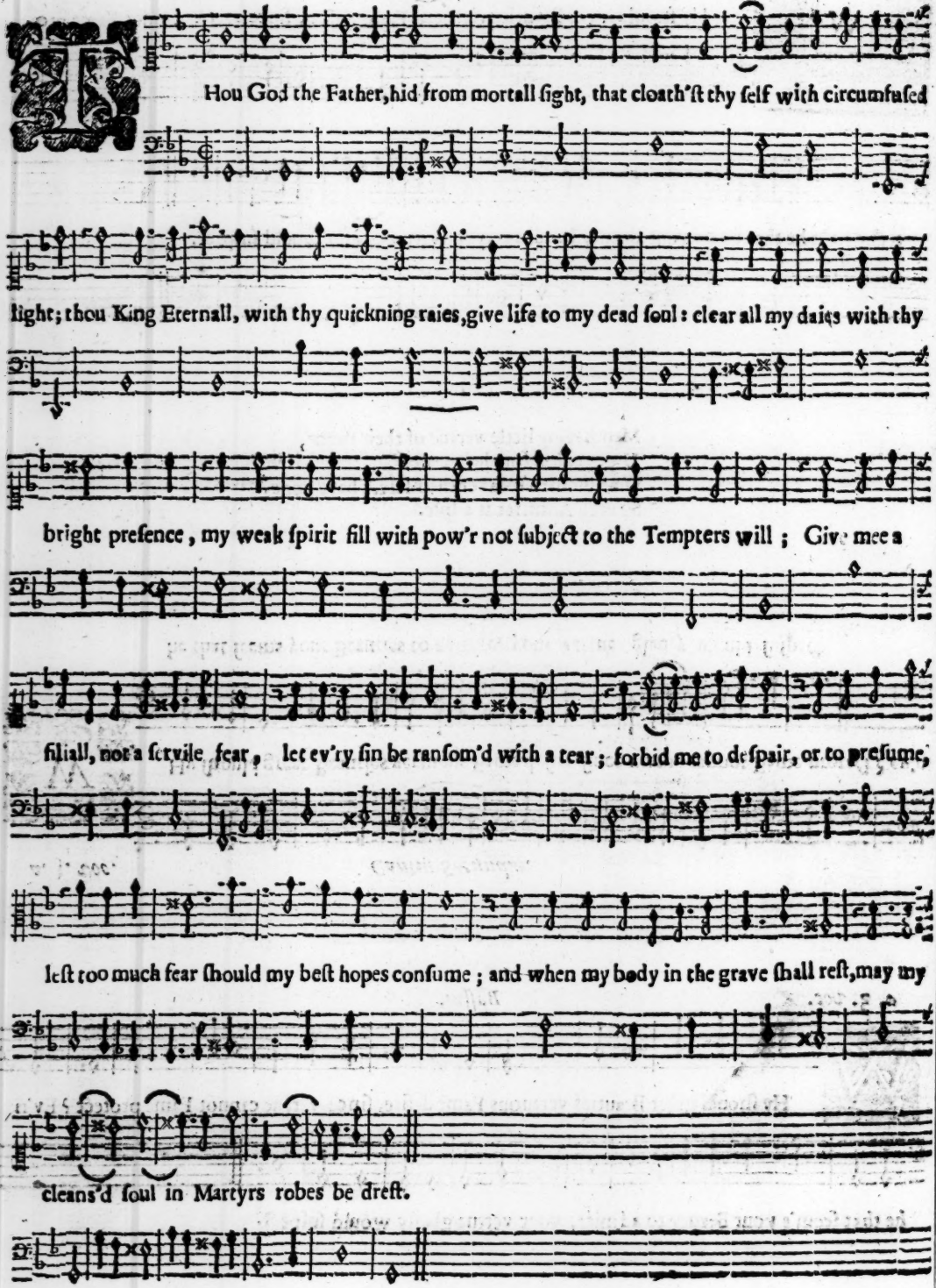


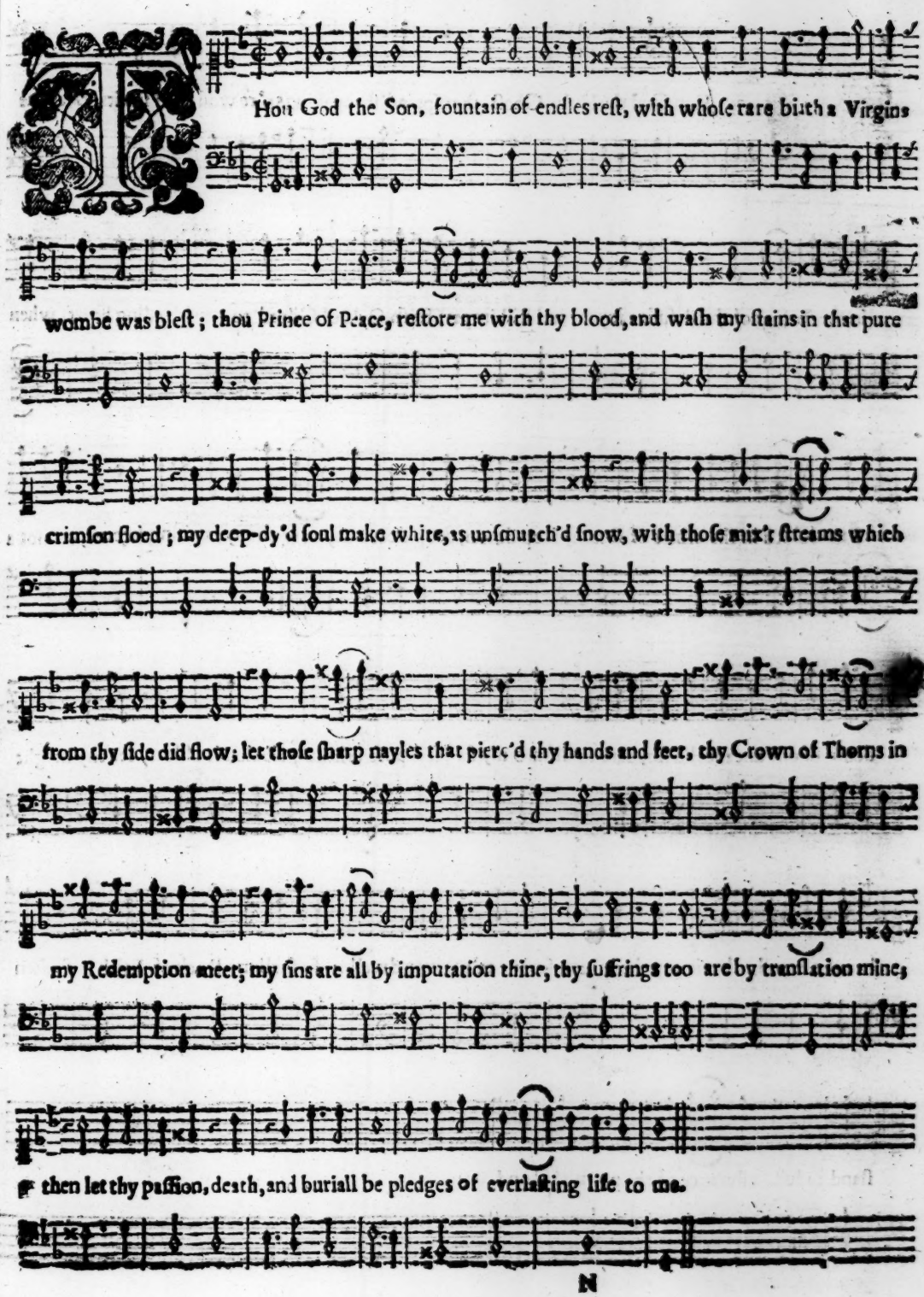
(2)

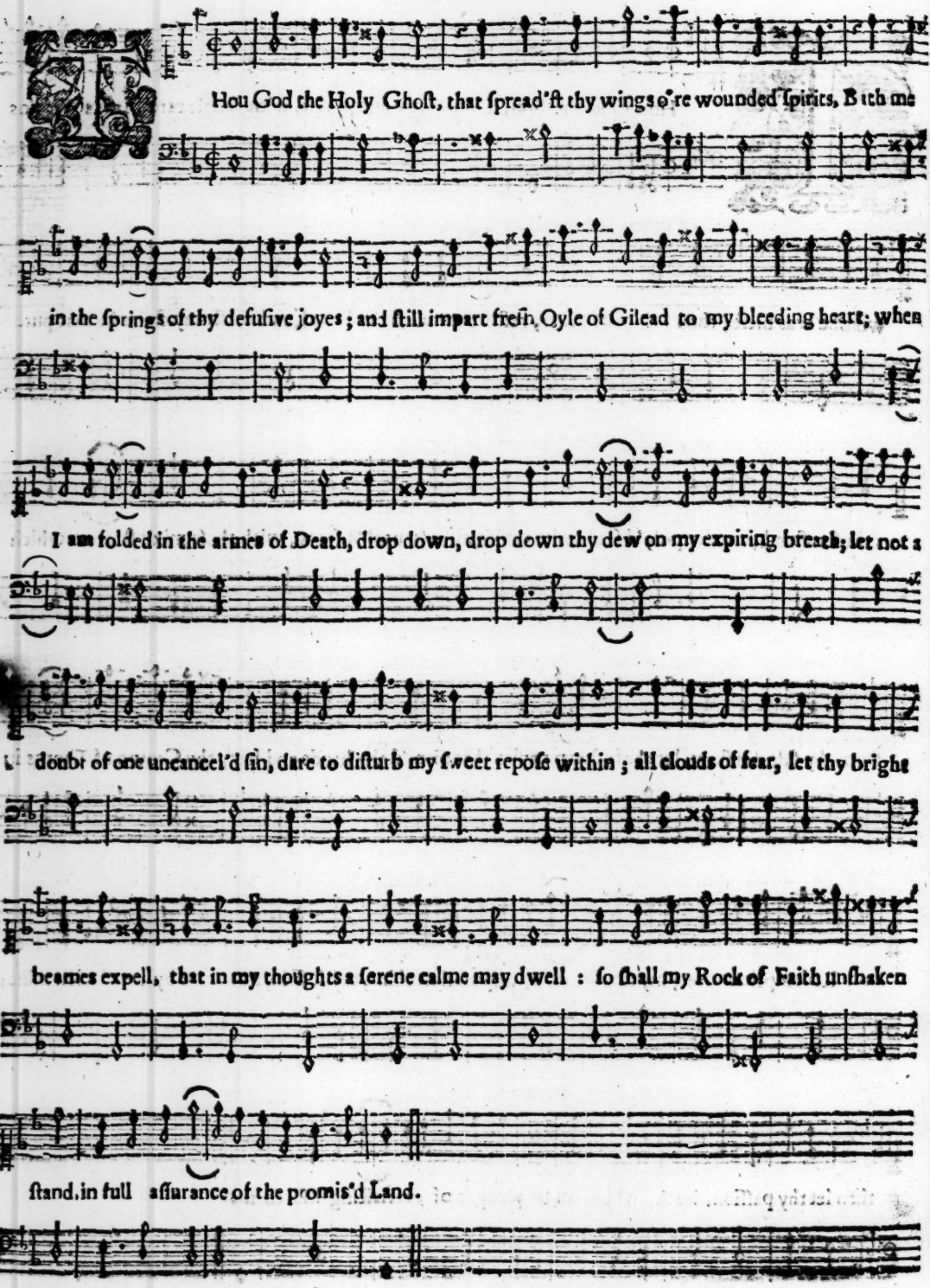
Men having little vertue of their owne,
Urge reason for their jealousie,
That women weaker themselves have none,
So each Admirer is a spie.



To God the Father.

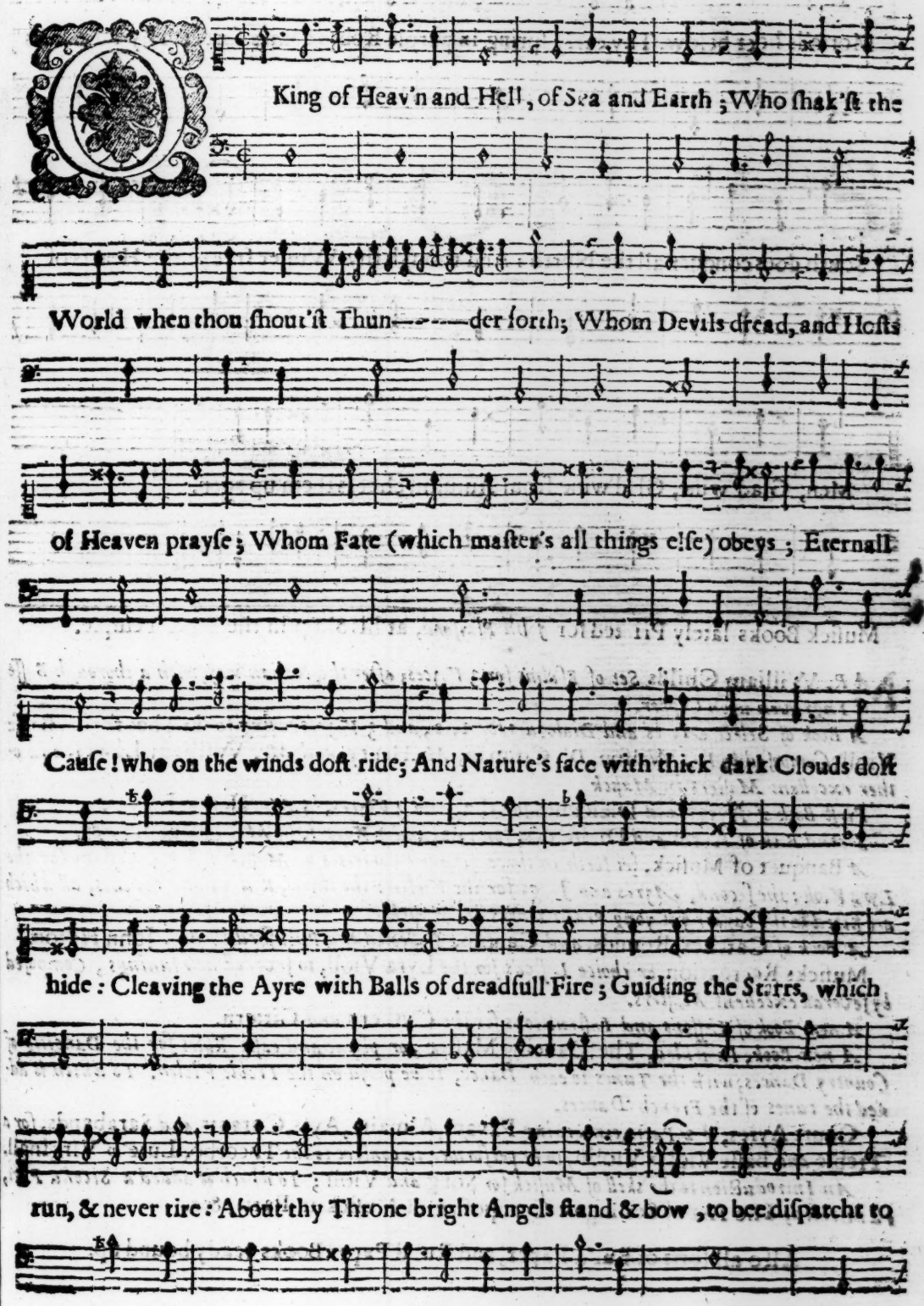


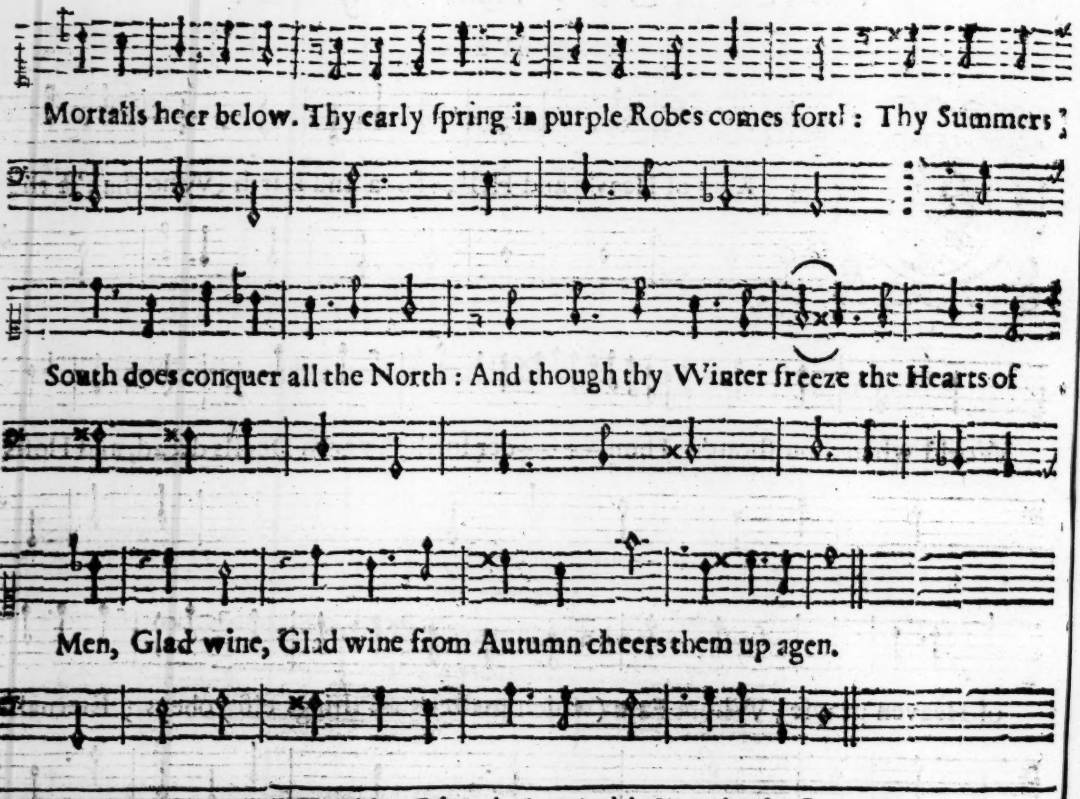

Thou God the Son, fountain of endles rest, with whose rare birth a Virgins
wombe was blest; thou Prince of Peace, restore me with thy blood, and wash my stains in that pure
crimson flood; my deep-dy'd soul make white, as unsmutch'd snow, with those mix't streams which
from thy side did flow; let those sharp nayles that pierc'd thy hands and feet, thy Crown of Thorns in
my Redemption meet; my sins are all by imputation thine, thy sufferings too are by translation mine;
then let thy passion, death, and buriall be pledges of everlasting life to me.


THou God the Holy Ghoſt, that ſpread'ſt thy wings o're wounded ſpirits, Bleſs me
in the ſprings of thy defuſive joyes; and ſtill impart freſh Oyle of Gilead to my bleeding heart; when
I am folded in the armes of Death, drop down, drop down thy dew on my expiring breath; let not a
doubt of one uncancel'd ſin, dare to diſturb my ſweet repoſe within; all clouds of fear, let thy bright
beames expell, that in my thoughts a ſerene calme may dwell: ſo ſhall my Rock of Faith unſhaken
ſtand in full aſſurance of the promis'd Land.

ORPHEUS Hymn to GOD.

Αἰθέρος ἦλθ' ἄνακτος.





Muſick Books lately Printed for *John Playford*, at his Shop in the Inner Temple.

MR. William Childs *Set of Pſalms for* 3 *Voyces, after the Italian way, with a thorough Baſſe Ingraven upon Copper.*

A Book of Select Ayres and Dialogues for 1, 2, *and* 3 *Voyces to ſing to the* Theorbo *or* Baſſe Violl, *Compoſed by Dr.* Wilſon, *Dr.* Colman, *Mr.* Henry, *and Mr.* William Lawes, *and other excellent Maſters in Muſick.*

Firſt Book of Ayres *and* Dialogues *for* 1, 2, *and* 3 *Voyces, by Mr.* Henry Lawes.

Second Book of Ayres *and* Dialogues, *for* 1, 2, *and* 3 *Voyces, by Mr.* Henry Lawes.

A Banquet of Muſick, *ſet forth in three ſeverall varieties of Muſick: firſt, Leſſons for the Lyra Violl: the ſecond, Ayres and Jiggs for the Violin: the third, Rounds and Catches, all which are fitted to the capacity of yong Practitioners in Muſick.*

A Book of Catches, Rounds, *and* Canons, *Collected and Publiſhed by Mr.* John Hilton.

Muſicks Recreation, *or choice Leſſons for the* Lyra Violl, *to ſeverall new tunings, Compoſed by ſeverall excellent Maſters.*

A new Book of Leſſons and Inſtructions for the Cythern *and* Gittern.

A new Book, Intituled, The Dancing Maſter, *or plaine and eaſie Rules for the Dancing of Country Dances, with the Tunes to each Dance, to be playd on the Treble Violin. To which is added the tunes of the French Dances.*

Court Ayres, *of* 2 *Parts, containing* Pavans, Almains, Ayrs, Corants, *and* Sarabands, *for a* Treble *and* Baſſe Viol *or* Violin, *to be performed in conſort to the* Theorbo, Lute *or* Virginall.

An Introduction to the skill of Muſick for Song *and* Violl; *To which is added a Second Part, Entituled,* The Art of Setting or Compoſing of Muſick in Parts, &c.

Alſo all ſorts of Rul'd Paper, and Rul'd Paper Books ready bound up.